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Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

Carry a file into the field with which to keep the hoe sharp. It is the half of any trade to keep the tools in order.

All that weather can do to repair the damages of the last year's drought to the grass, is now the good fortune of the farmer.

The old crop of potatoes is plentiful this season all over the state. Scarce a grower but has a surplus now on hand, and nearly all grocers are overloaded at this time.

Of course we need good roads—better roads. But for what do we need them most? Is it for automobiles and bicycles, or for business and its heavy trucking? Who is leading this popular demand for heavy outlays for better roads?

Only shallow work in hoeing is wanted. The fine rootlets of the growing corn soon fill the surrounding soil, and breaking and crushing them with cultivator and hoe are damaging to growth. Hoe to kill the weeds and not the corn.

The way to appropriate clover as a fertilizer of the soil is to harvest the crop for fodder, and then turn the sod with its mass of root growth in preparation for another crop. It is a wasteful system to plow in a crop of clover that is worth much more for fodder than for a fertilizer.

"You are correct in what you had to say the other day about its being the well bred cattle that make the money for their feeders," said a young man to us who has been handling some fat cattle on the market of late. "Such cattle gain faster and sell at a higher price on the market, thus making a gain in both directions."

Commissioner of Agriculture, Wieting of New York, states that the price of milk to the farmers at stations along the line of roads carrying milk to New York City at the present time is sixty-four cents for a 40-quart can of milk. With the consumers in the city paying seven cents a quart it would seem that the middlemen are getting more than their proportional part out of the business.

WHY SALT MOTTLES BUTTER.

It is admitted that salt is the cause of what is known as "mottled butter;" but it is not generally known why or how uneven salting of the mass should cause or does make light and dark streaks through the butter.

Henry Stewart, a well known professional authority, gives a scientific explanation in the *Country Gentleman* of this phenomenon that has puzzled so many butter makers; which we copy:

"That the uneven distribution of the salt is the cause of the uneven coloring or mottling of the butter is not fully satisfactory to one who wants to know why it should be so, and what has the uneven distribution of salt to do with this effect? What is there in the salt to cause this discharge of the natural color of the butter?

And here some knowledge of the chemistry of salt, its constituents, and the nature of them, is indispensable to get us down to the bottom of this problem. This occurred to me immediately in my study years ago. My investigation was begun from the chemical side of the matter, and in this way I found what would have necessarily produced the effect, and then on actual test proved the fact.

Salt is composed of chlorine and sodium. It is a chloride of sodium. This may be decomposed by the action of some acids, and the chlorine is set free. Chlorine we all know is one of the most active of all bleaching agents known to the chemist. It is used in bleaching linen and cotton goods, which in my early life I well remember were only bleached by a very slow process of oxidation of the coloring matter by long exposure to the air, aided by continually repeated wettings with water. By the chlorine method, the work of months is completed in days, and this is one of the improvements by which the products of white cotton cloths have been so greatly cheapened.

Then the process of whitening the butter goes on in this way: The butter taken from the churn is to some extent mixed with sour buttermilk. The butter is to some extent mixed with the salt, and is set away for the salt gradually to dissolve and work its way through the mass of the butter. The butter is set where the light may have action on it. Then what goes on? The acid of the buttermilk remaining in the butter, small or greater as it may be, has its effect on the salt, which is to that extent decomposed that the chlorine of it escapes, and this bleaches as much of the butter as it has opportunity to act on.

Of course, chemistry being an exact science, it is as easy to know what will result from certain causes as in mathematics. And this is, I think, a quite sufficient explanation of this problem, which has been bothering the butter-makers, and the cheese-makers as well, for it acts in the same way to make the curds patchy when they are exposed to the light, as I have tested for myself in making cheese. This patchy cheese is only made in dairies where the curd is salted, and that at first unevenly, but I have never found it to occur to any conspicuous extent in cheese that is salted after it has been made.

To avoid this disqualification of the butter, which is a serious fault in the estimation of the final judges of its quality—the consumers—it is necessary to take the greatest care to remove the last possible drop of milk from it, as it is removed from the churn. This is not possible to effect completely, for under the very best care there will be some milk retained among the smallest globules of the butter, if they were no larger than the heads of pins; and while this might cause only a very trifling effect, it would still be apparent under a magnifying glass, as I have found when judging butter, and this is one reason why, I believe, as yet there has never been butter judged which has been perfect, and has been scored 100—the cause of it of course being the plain impossibility of completely removing every taint of acid from the butter, and so wholly preventing some of this released chlorine from acting on the butter. Every sample of butter I have examined under the microscope has had its small or larger white spots, which must be unavoidable until we discover some other way of separating the fats of the milk in a pure condition. But that is fortunately impossible. If it were, we should not have butter, but mere tasteless fat, free from the delicate, exquisite aroma given to it by the minute quantity of acid of milk left in it, and the flavor due to the minute quantity of the butter acids thus derived from the chemical process called the ripening of the butter, which is as indispensable to the good quality and aroma as is the aroma produced in cheese in a similar way. The Stilton cheese and the Roquefort are both examples of this ripening; and both, of this same effect of the salt on the curd during its partial decomposition by the acids in the cheese and the action of the released chlorine on the curd."

CLOVER IN THE CORN.

The discussion over the value of clover as a farm crop that has been going on in our state for a couple of years back, has had the effect of reviving an interest in what has all along been accepted as a desirable crop in farm rotation, and which only had been allowed to retire to the rear for the time to make room for the agricultural scientists and station experimenters to boom the corn plant, on which for the time they have felt themselves called upon to center a large measure of attention. It was not, however, for the reason of any less appreciation of the comparative value of the clover crop in farm economy that investigators left it in the background, and there was no reason at any time why farmers in turning closer study and larger effort to the growing of corn should have neglected clover.

While the experience of last year on account of the protracted drought was somewhat damaging to clover culture, yet it was only one of those experiences that are liable to fall upon our efforts in any direction, and has no force whatever against the importance or value of the crop to the farmer. The great question now to be studied is how to introduce the clover crop more frequently into a system of farm cropping that shall return all the advantages possible both as a soil fertilizer and as a stock fodder. This is the particular point on which farmers are calling for information, as the many inquiries received clearly indicate. In farm practice it is not easy to step out of an established line of work into uncertain experiments, hence many times farmers are slow to change established practices. A large measure of caution in such matters can be commended, yet farming must be more or less experimental or no progress would ever be made. These trials of that which is new and different from former methods need not and should not be at first on a large scale, yet every farmer should be trying on in some measure the advance ideas gained from reading and study that his intelligence leads him to conclude, will, under his surroundings, be a step in advance.

The value and importance of clover all admit without question. How to secure more of it is the problem. The farmers of the Saco river valley are to quite an extent, seeding their sweet corn fields directly to clover. This practice has before been recommended to the attention of farmers in our columns. The clover seed is sown at the time of the last hoeing, when the light surface stirring of the soil as now practiced in hoeing gives it all the covering needed, and the partial shade of the growing corn proves to aid in establishing a good stand of the clover. We have seen fine fields of clover from such seeding.

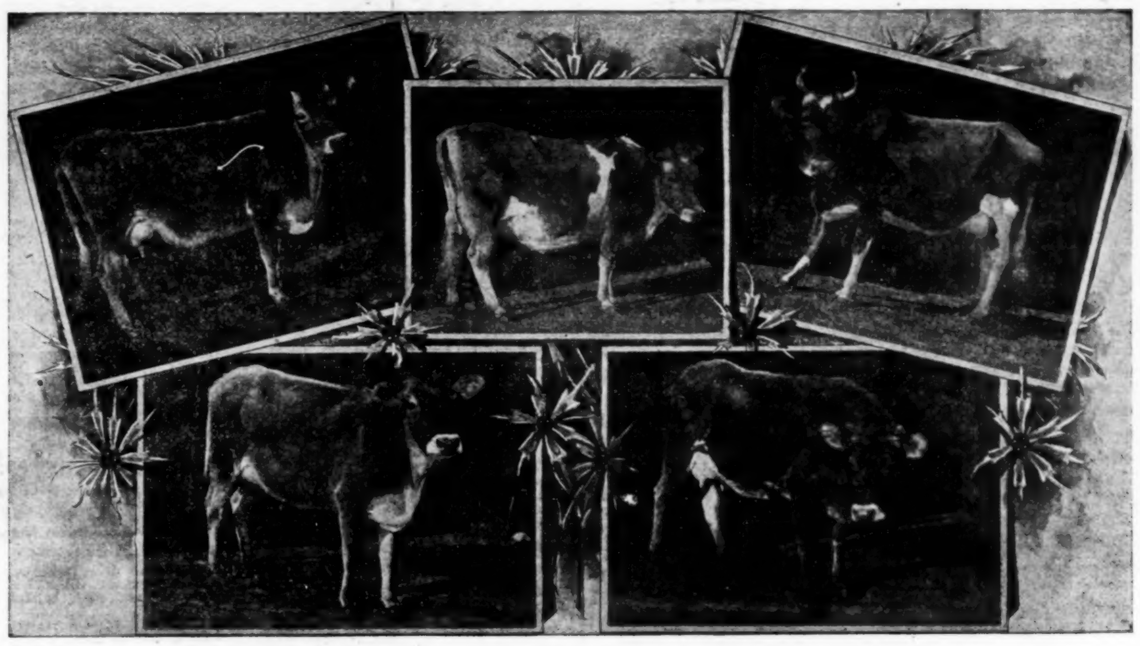
The resulting crop of clover following seeding in the corn may be utilized in different ways. Where both fodder and fertilization are desirable, after harvesting the first year's crop of clover hay from the field the clover sod may be turned and with a light application of manure, (the more the better) the land be again planted to corn. In that way two of our most desirable crops would monopolize the land.

It may also prove that the growth of clover of one season would be sufficient to warrant plowing it in the next spring for a fertilizer. In such case all the cost involved would be that of the seed and its application, which would be but a trifle to the acre.

It is barely possible that the notable crimson clover, so greatly appreciated further south, might in this practice prove profitable here. There is promise enough in that direction to warrant a trial on a small scale.

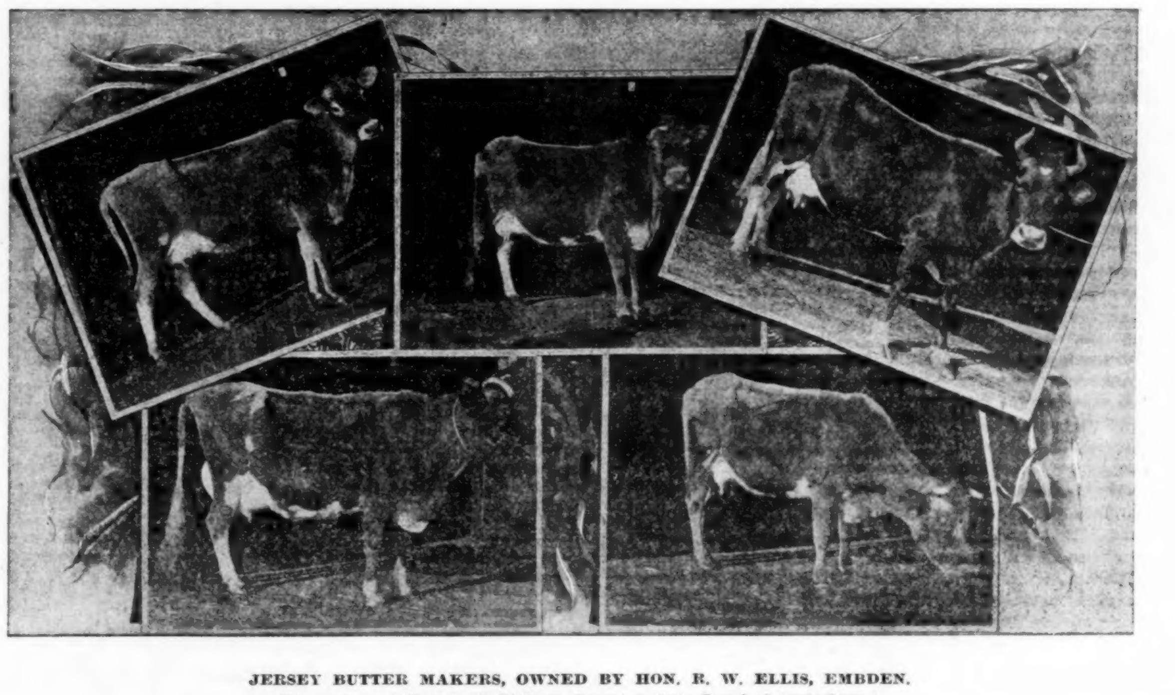
We urge attention at this time to clover in the corn. There is room for more of both of these crops in Maine farming. Properly managed each will help the other.

A WORKING HERD.



JERSEYS OWNED BY HON. R. W. ELLIS, EMBDEN, MAINE.
(By courtesy of Hon. B. W. McKeen, Secretary State Board of Agriculture.)

GOOD MAINE STOCK.



JERSEY BUTTER MAKERS, OWNED BY HON. R. W. ELLIS, EMBDEN.
(By courtesy of Hon. B. W. McKeen, Secretary State Board of Agriculture.)

THE SAGADAHOC SOCIETY.

The Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society is one of the most successful in its annual exhibitions we have in the state. Its annual schedule of premiums for its next exhibition to be held October 9 to 11, together with rules and regulations to govern the same, is already on our table. One great reason for the marked success of this society is that its officers and managers give studied attention to all details of its management from start to finish. Scarcely another society in the state shows so carefully arranged rules and regulations governing points always coming up during the show, and which if not arranged in advance and rigidly adhered to, are an ever recurring cause for discord among exhibitors and dissatisfaction with the society and all its work. A society to be successful must make friends of all hands who make up the exhibition. There is no room for disaffection, and this society with extreme care sees to it that, first of all, there shall be no cause for it.

Then, again, and of much importance, the society extends its honors to more exhibits than other societies in general. In all the principal classes four prizes are offered in each. This has the effect to multiply contributions, fill up the show and increase attendance. We all like to get inside the winners' limit.

The society cultivates friendship with the boys. Five liberal prizes are offered for farm and garden collective exhibits grown and shown by boys.

The granges of the county are enlisted. Each grange making a collective exhibit of farm products and household productions is rewarded to the extent of $20 and then the usual prizes offered above that.

All entries in these contributions calling for wide space must be made a week in advance of the opening of the show, so that no one can be crowded into an undesirable corner or crowded out completely in consequence of being the last comer. Through such thoughtful precautions as these all things are made pleasant to all who come and the machinery is thereby made to run without friction.

There are many other things about the management of this Sagadahoc Society to be commended and which serve to keep the people of its field of operation interested in its work. Officers of other societies will do well to secure a copy of this schedule and carefully inspect the methods through which the marked prosperity of this society is perpetuated. The Secretary, W. S. Rogers, Cathance, stands ready to serve all who may apply.

POINTS IN A GOOD BEEF STEER.

Mr. J. M. Imboden, of Decatur, Mo., in an address delivered before an association of the stock breeders, gave his ideas as to beef cattle points as follows: There is no one breed of beef cattle better than all others under all circumstances and conditions. The trouble with cattle from the butcher's standpoint is too big shoulders, giving the forequarters too large a proportion to the rest of the carcass. The muscles that are exercised the most are the toughest; for this reason the inside two-thirds of the round is good, while the outside is not so good. A thick, mellow hide—not a hard, harsh hide—denotes more clean meat than a thin hide. A straight back, well sprung rib and width of loin indicate a large amount of the high-priced meats in the carcass. The comparison of animals in the show ring is often so close that the awarding of the prize turns on a very small point, as a tie or a dimple in the back, which cuts no figure in the usefulness or profit of the animal. A typical beef animal should have a thicker neck than the dairy breeds, the flesh should begin at the front; the animal should have the greatest possible thickness of flesh along the back between the shoulder and the hips, and the width of the hip should be carried forward to the shoulders. The Angus are the thickest-fleshed beef cattle; their great fault is too much of a spread of the shoulder blades at the top; they do not mature quite as quick as the Herefords. It would be hard to tell which of the beef breeds at thirty months old on the same care and feed would make the greatest gain. Young animals develop muscle along with fat, and when fattened young contain a larger proportion of lean meat to the fat, and hence more profitable to the butcher. The first 1,000 pounds put on a steer is the cheapest, as the animal is growing as well as fattening, and the cost of the increase of weight increases with age.

PRIZES NOW AT PARIS ON FRUIT.

Early honors are won at the Paris Exposition on the fruit exhibits from this country. Geo. B. Brackett, Government Pomologist, reports that he is in receipt of advices from the Paris Exposition informing him that in the first international competitive competition on fruits the results were as follows:

First prizes: General Collection of the United States, Illinois Horticultural Society, Missouri State Horticultural Society, New York State Commission.

Second prizes: Connecticut Pomological Society, Indiana Horticultural Society, Nebraska State Horticultural Society.

Third prizes: Kansas State Horticultural Society, North Carolina Department of Agriculture, Gabriel Hiester, Harrisburg, Pa.

He adds that, "Considering the difficulties of installation, owing to the incompleteness of the buildings and the haste in installation, we feel highly gratified with the results. As other temporary competition is to follow, we have reason to hope that the fruit growers of this country will receive further recognition even better than the first."

The jury of adjudication was composed of French and Russian members.

A CUMBERLAND COUNTY HERD OF JERSEYS.

Scattered about here and there over the state there are many fine herds of cattle which have been bred up from small beginnings. One such herd is the stock of Jerseys owned by Mr. C. H. Gould of North Bridgton, Cumberland county. This herd is now composed of 23 animals, all full bloods or very high grades, and by carefully selecting the best and gradually weeding out all inferior animals, Mr. Gould has produced a herd which is rarely excelled for business purposes. Of this number there are 13 which are giving milk or are soon to come in fresh. Seven of this number are five years old or younger. Among the remainder are some very fine heifers and promising calves. The income from the 11 cows and heifers milked the past year has averaged $54.26 per head. This does not take into account the skim milk nor the butter and cream used in a large family but just what has been sold from them.

The beginning of the herd was a heifer calf purchased in 1885 when only a few days old. Her entry number in the register of the Maine State Jersey Cattle Association is 1423, Vol. 4. Although now nearly 15 years old she is perfectly hardy and vigorous and the past season has given as good a record as she has ever made.

During the past fifteen years several additions to the herd have been made by purchase but the most of the present number are the progeny of this one cow.

At the head of this herd is the bull Lanison's Marquis, and he is well the owner's pride, a very fine animal in every way. He was two years old the 24th of last November and was bred by Litchfield and Haynes, Monmouth, Maine. His number in the Herd Registry of the American Jersey Cattle Club is 50705. His sire was Clotaires Lanison No. 44192 (See *Maine Farmer* Feb. 1899) and his dam May Bud of Monmouth, No. 128864. These two animals have a long and noted pedigree and very naturally much is expected of this bull.

Mr. Gould already has several heifer calves raised by Lanison's Marquis and thus far the high anticipations held in regard to this bull are fully realized, as these calves show every indication of high quality. L. P. G.

North Bridgton.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE SINGLE TAX.

Mr. Editor: I note that the editor in replying to Mr. McLaughlin's article on taxation in this week's *Farmer* invites discussion of this great question. In reading Mr. McLaughlin's letter I was struck with the vagueness with which he approaches the question. Although admitting that the present system of taxation is unjust, that it unmercifully oppresses the farmer and the laborer with a small home, and that it should be abolished, he brings forward no definite plan by which sufficient revenue can be derived to meet the current expenses of the state.

The editor in his reply truly says: "Equity and justice have been the cardinal points towards which the friends of the farms have sought to direct legislation and no other policy can endure."

What is a just tax?

I think that no one will dispute that taxation in proportion to benefits received is the only system of taxation that can be sanctioned on the ground of equity and justice. If a system of taxation can be devised that will come under this definition then Mr. McLaughlin and all others who are sincere in their efforts for reform should unite on it and do all in their power to embody it in law. Let the state abolish all taxes on improvements and personal property and derive its entire revenue from land values. These alone would be amply sufficient to meet all public expenses and we would thereby relieve industry and enterprise from its present burdens. This tax would be just and equitable for land values are created by the whole people and are, therefore, the natural source of revenue. It also has another great advantage in that it is one of the very few taxes that cannot be shifted. Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Henry George and all other political economists of any prominence agree on this point.

Let no one infer that a tax on land values is a tax on land. I heartily agree with all that Mr. McLaughlin says in condemnation of a land tax. Land value is the value of the bare land apart from any improvements that may be on it. The values of farms in New England are almost wholly improvement values. The farmers are not the owners of land values except to a very limited extent. Land values are highest in the great cities, the value of the benefits derived from occupying an especially advantageous location are reflected in the value of the land. The enormous values of railroad, street car, gas, telephone and telegraph franchises are land values. Stumpage of forests and natural opportunities in the way of water power, royalties on gold, copper, iron, coal and oil lands are also land values. If any man had a monopoly of certain fishing grounds the value of that monopoly would be a land value. This tax would have a tendency, the higher it went the stronger the tendency, to discourage speculation in land and to break up great estates that menace the welfare of the whole people. Col. D. C. Murphy owns 4,068,000 (four million and sixty-eight thousand) acres of land in this country. Baron Tweeddale owns 1,750,000 acres. One Dutch syndicate owns 4,500,000 acres of land in New Mexico and adjoining territories. Another Dutch syndicate owns 3,000,000 acres in Texas. An English syndicate owns 1,800,000 acres in Mississippi.

This list could be lengthened so as to take up several columns of the *Farmer* but the instances cited above ought to set every intelligent man to thinking. It is perfectly evident that they did not secure so much land in order that they might go to farming. They did not desire to farm the land but secured it (in many cases by fraud) in order that they might farm the farmers. Lord Scully drains $150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand dollars) a year from the people living in Illinois. All they get in return is the privilege of living on his land.

Facts like these go a long way toward explaining why we are blessed with such a phenomenally large and constantly increasing "favorable?" balance of trade.

J. F. COWERN.
Contoocook, N. H., Feb. 19, 1900.

FAITHFUL SHEEP DOGS.

A. M. Holter, of Helena, Mont., who is largely interested in the cattle and sheep industry in that state, says very little los from cold or exposure has resulted, though last October a cold spell killed several sheepherders in the Great Falls district, one of whom was taking care of Mr. Holter's flocks. At that time two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero. The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stayed with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained; but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency.—*Portland Oregonian.*

BEE HIVES CALLED FOR.

Editor Maine Farmer: Can you inform me through the columns of your valuable paper where I can buy the latest improved bee hives? If you can you will very much oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Manufacturers of bee supplies should advertise if they would make their business known. Will Mr. DeCoster of Buckfield give the information called for?

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Agricultural Fairs in Maine for 1900 with Dates so far as Fixed.

Maine State Agricultural, Lewiston, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, Geo. H. Clarke, North Anson, Sec.
Eastern Maine Fair Association, Bangor, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31, E. L. Stearns, Bangor, Sec.
Androscoggin County, Livermore Falls, J. L. Lowell, Auburn, Sec.
Durham Agricultural, Durham, J. H. Williams, Durham, Sec.
Aroostook County, Houlton, Geo. T. Holyoke, Houlton, Sec.
North Aroostook, Presque Isle, Sept. 11, 12, 13, E. T. McGlaughlin, S. Presque Isle, Sec.
Southern Aroostook, Sherman Mills, Isaac Cushman, Sherman Mills, Sec.
Madawaska, Madawaska, Remi A. Daigle, St. David, Sec.
Cumberland County, Gorham, Chas. H. Leighton, Cumberland Mills, Sec.
Northern Cumberland, Harrison, Oct 9, 10, J. Orin Ross, Edes' Fall, Sec.
Cumberland Farmers' Club, West Cumberland, Sept. 25, 26, H. B. Clough, Cumberland Ctr., Sec.
Gray Park Association, Gray Corner, Aug. 28, 29, 30, J. W. Stevens, Gray, Sec.
Bridgton Farmers' Club, Bridgton, F. C. Knight, Bridgton, Sec.
New Gloucester and Danville, Upper Gloucester, Sept. 26, 27, F. W. Berry, New Gloucester, Sec.
Lake View Park, East Sebago, A. L. Brackett, E. Sebago, Sec.
Franklin County, Farmington, J. J. Hunt, Farmington, Sec.
North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 11, 12, 13, M. Sewell Kelley, Phillips, Sec.
Hancock County Agricultural, Bluehill, Sept. 18, 19, 20, Nahum Hinckley, Bluehill, Sec.
Hancock County Fair Association, Ellworth, H. F. Whitcomb, Ellsworth, Sec.
Northern Hancock, Amherst, A. W. Silsby, Amherst, Sec.
Eden Agricultural, Salisbury Cove, Frank A. Wood, Salisbury Cove, Sec.
Kennebec County, Readfield, Sept. 11, 12, 13, W. G. Hunton, Readfield, Sec.
South Kennebec, So. Windsor, Sept. 18, 19, 20, Arthur N. Douglass, Chelsea, Sec.
Pittston Agr'l & Trotting Park Asso., E. Pittston, Sept. 25, 26, 27, F. C. Hanley, 57 N. Market St., Boston, Mass., Sec.
North Knox, Union, Sept. 25, 26, 27, Geo. C. Hawes, Union, Sec.
Lincoln County, Damariscotta, Oct. 2, 3, 4, B. A. Woodbridge, No. Newcastle, Sec.
Bristol, Bristol Mills, Sept. 25, 26, 27, A. C. Fossett, Pemaquid, Sec.
Oxford County, S. Paris, Sept. 18, 19, 20, A. C. T. King, S. Paris, Sec.
Riverside Park Association, Bethel, Sept. 11, 12, 13, Wm. E. Abbott, Bethel, Sec.
West Oxford, Fryeburg, Sept. 25, 26, 27, T. L. Eastman, Fryeburg, Sec.
Androscoggin Valley, Canton, H. T. Tirrell, Canton, Sec.
Northern Oxford, Andover, John F. Talbot, Andover, Sec.
Penobscot County, Hampden, Geo. N. Holland, Hampden, Sec.
West Penobscot, Exeter, Sept. 25, 26, 27, F. E. Jewett, Exeter, Sec.
North Penobscot, B. D. Averill, Prentiss, Sec.
East Eddington Farmers' Club, East Eddington, E. B. Comins, E. Eddington, Sec.
Orrington Agricultural, Orrington, N. A. Nickerson, Orrington, Sec.
East Piscataquis, Milo, A. L. Ward, Milo, Sec.
West Piscataquis, Monson, W. A. Bray, Monson, Sec.
Sagadahoc County, Topsham, Oct. 9, 10, 11, W. S. Rogers, Topsham, Sec.
Richmond Farmers' Club, Richmond Corner, Sept. 25, C. E. Dinslow, Richmond Cor., Sec.
Somerset County, Anson, J. F. Withee, Madison, Sec.
East Somerset, Hartland, Sept. 11, 12, 13, J. A. Goodrich, Hartland, Sec.
Somerset Central, Skowhegan, H. A. Archer, Skowhegan, Sec.
New Portland Agricultural, N. New Portland, W. B. Clark, N. New Portland, Sec.
Waldo County, Belfast, Sept. 18, 19, J. W. Knight, Belfast, Sec.
Waldo and Penobscot, Monroe, Sept. 11, 12, 13, F. H. Bowden, Monroe, Sec.
North Waldo, Unity, E. B. Hunt, Unity, Sec.
West Waldo, Liberty, Wm. H. Moody, Liberty, Sec.
Washington County, Pembroke, Sept. 11, 12, 13, S. A. Wilder, W. Pembroke, Sec.
North Washington, Princeton, Albert L. Jones, Princeton, Sec.
West Washington, Cherryfield, Sept. 11, 12, 13, E. F. Allen, Columbia Falls, Sec.
Central Washington, Machias, E. F. Barry, Machias, Sec.
York County, Saco, S. S. Andrews, Biddeford, Sec.
Buxton and Hollis, Buxton, J. B. Elden, Bar Mills, Sec.
Ramshackle Park, Newfield, E. E. Goodwin, Woodman, N. H. Sec.
Shapleigh and Acton, Acton, Fred K. Bodwell, Acton, Sec.
Ossipee Valley Union, Cornish, Aug. 21, 22, 23, H. Lorin Merrill, E. Parsonsfield, Sec.
North Berwick Agricultural, N. Berwick, Geo. W. Perkins, N. Berwick, Sec.

BACTERIAL INFECTION OF MILK.

[Address of Prof. H. L. Russell at N. C. B. A. Convention at Lincoln, Neb.]

A few years ago a talk on a bacteriological subject would have been no more opportune to a body of buttermakers or dairymen than a lecture on astronomy, but within the last decade a wonderful change has occurred. Previous to this time, buttermaking, in fact the whole dairy business, was purely an art, a vocation learned by methods of apprenticeship. Today it is fast becoming an exact science.

It is somewhat the fashion on the part of those who are exclusively trained in the wide school of experience to decry anything that is scientific as "Book larnin'" and theoretical, but the man who is so intensely practical in his own judgment as to ignore the principles underlying anything, is fully as much one sided as the man who is so scientific and so theoretical that he has no time for any application of his science. Just as the best scientific man is he who is thoroughly practical, so the best practical man is he who is at the same time scientific—who understands the reasons why a thing is so. Practice is merely applied science, and science is merely a knowledge of the laws underlying natural phenomena, so that the man who is best able to practice applied science is the man who must first have a definite conception of the laws which underlie the action of phenomena in this universe.

The last decade has witnessed a transformation in dairying; it has seen this business grow from merely an art where rule of thumb methods obtained, to a science in which a knowledge of the reasons why things happen so and so is now regarded of fundamental importance.

I need not recount to you what the sciences of chemistry and bacteriology have done to put the art of dairying on a firm scientific foundation. The constantly increasing attendance in our dairy schools, and the interest in the different educational factors that are engaged in building up the industry all attest the influence which these subjects are now having on up-to-date methods.

The presence of thousands of persons at a convention of this sort speaks in louder tones than anything else of the uplift that is being given to the industry today.

The story so far as the bacteria are concerned is one in which even the newness is not entirely worn off. One can scarcely pick up a paper nowadays and fail to see some article in which the action of bacteria is referred to in some way or other. In fact we are in danger of going to the extreme and explaining altogether too many things by the presence of bacteria. We are likely to run bacteria mad. Nevertheless these tiny organisms that are truly alive as we are, are of the greatest importance to us in the dairy business, for without them there would be no such thing as flavor in butter to the extent in which it is now found. The changes that are involved in the manufacture of cheese are likewise closely related to their activity, although their influence in this regard has been somewhat exaggerated.

In the handling of milk for direct consumption, their presence is wholly undesirable, and it must also be said that in many of the changes that take place in butter and cheese they come as unwelcome guests.

The subject which has been chosen for the theme today is one of fundamental importance. It is the beginning lesson in dairy bacteriology. Our subject is bacterial infection of milk—how milk becomes contaminated with these infinitely little living forms and what they do in milk.

Milk as secreted in the udder glands of a healthy animal does not contain germ life. It is a wrong idea that the organisms that find their way into the stomach reappear in any way in the milk of an animal. Only in the case of a diseased tissue does a membrane permit the bacteria to filter through and so appear in the milk.

As it comes to our creameries, however, milk is teeming with microbes. Under ordinary conditions every drop cottains hundreds and sometimes millions of these germs. The mere question of numbers is not so very important, but it may be interesting in passing to note that not infrequently milk is delivered to our creameries that contains tens, if not hundreds of millions of living organisms in every teaspoonful. The significance of these enormous numbers can perhaps be better understood if they are put in a somewhat different way.

Suppose the Washington Monument at Washington was made of bricks of ordinary size, a structure 70 ft. square at the base and 500 ft. high. If every brick in the structure represented a germ, there is often enough bacterial life in a single teaspoonful of milk to equal the 30,000,000 bricks which would be put into such a structure.

In what way do we account for this enormous discrepancy between the condition of the milk as it exists in the milk glands of the cow and as it passes through the weigh can. This great variation is due to two factors: To the introduction of germ life in varying quantities, and to the presence of conditions which favor a rapid growth and development of the organisms originally seeded in the milk.

The composition of milk is such that bacteria find in it the most favoable conditions for growth. All the necessary food nutrients are there to promote rapid changes, and if the temperature is favorable a single organism will multiply and increase its numbers many fold in a short period of time.

The factor which accounts for this infection may be briefly summed up in cleanliness and temperature. Unless the temperature of milk is kept at a point where bacterial multiplication cannot go on, even a few germs in the course of hours will be able to increase so that the aggregate will be very large. But our purpose is to point out more specifically the way in which bacteria gain entrance to milk.

We may divide the infection of milk into several factors: Utensils, fore milk, dirt derived from air, and cow.

The ordinary cleaning that is given to pails, cans, strainers, etc., takes out only a portion of the bacteria. Just to the extent that carelessness prevails in this part of the dairy work, just to that extent will these utensils contain a larger number of organisms. The kind of utensils has considerable to do with the ease with which they are cleaned. Wooden pails are to be avoided. Tin ware is now so generally used that but little need be said as to the other kind of vessels, but much of the tinware now on the market is so imperfectly constructed as to shelter germ life. The sharp re-entering angles to be noted in pails and the open seams in the sides are harbors of refuge to the wary bacillus in his fight for existence.

What the cans are used for will also to some extent determine the kind of organism found in the same. If one uses the same set of cans to carry home the by-products of the factory—fluids known to be rich in bacteria and generally in an advanced state of fermentation—then it is not surprising that tainted milks will often be the rule. Too often the cans are imperfectly cleaned at home and the inevitable result is an "off" milk the next day. The prevalence of gas in the milk delivered to factories making Swiss cheese, an industry that is very important with us in Wisconsin, is entirely accounted for in this way.

A purely practical experiment of storing milk under the same condition in sterile and unsterile cans will teach any one the value of this point. Such milks kept in cans as ordinarily cleaned but not sterilized will sour a number of hours sooner than that kept covered in a steamed pail. The number of organisms in the two milks will always vary—that in the sterile pail containing less. The germ contents of cans and pails may also be determined in another way by rinsing out the vessel with a known quantity of sterile water and then determining the number of organisms in the same. The following data on several pails so treated shows how many bacteria remained in the pail:

PAIL No. 1.

1st washing	7,388,900
2d "	157,000
3d "	5,800

PAIL No. 2.

1st washing	1,782,500
2d "	100,000
3d "	62,500

When one considers that these pails were also steamed for a moment after thorough cleaning (as is the custom in handling the milk from our University herd) it indicates that the number found under average conditions would be even greater than this.

The second factor to be considered is one that is generally overlooked by most people. It is the germ life that comes from the inside of the udder. We said at the outset that milk was secreted germ-free; as made in the gland cells it is sterile, but as soon as it flows out into the milk cistern it comes in contact with bacteria. If we look at the section of a cow's udder it is easy to see why this is so. The direct communication that it is possible to establish between the outside of the udder and the secretory cells permits more or less of germ life to work up the teat into the milk cistern and so on into the numerous folds and convolutions of the smaller channels. Here are ideal conditions for growth if any germ does establish itself. Moisture, food and warmth abound and that is all a microbe needs to wax fat. In the few particles of milk that inevitably remain in the udder, these bacteria thrive and grow. To such an extent is this so that the first few streams drawn always contain a very much larger number than at any subsequent time. The milk secreted and withdrawn toward the end of the milking is much more nearly as the cow made it because the great majority of these organisms are washed out by the fore milk just as a sewer is flushed with the heavy flow of storm water.

Generally speaking the forms found in the udder are the distinctively milk bacteria. They are those forms adapted by nature to grow in milk. They are for the most part in a vigorous, active condition, rapidly growing because of the favorable environment in which they have been placed.

The number of microbes that has been found in some recent tests of the fore, middle and last milk of a milking is as follows:

20 c. c. Fore milk	324
20 c. c. Middle milk	60
20 c. c. Strippings	44

In these cases it should be remembered that contamination from all other sources was excluded. The end of the teat was disinfected and a sterile flask placed directly over the same so that no bacteria could gain access from the outside.

The third factor to which reference will now be made is the influence which the animal herself directly exerts on the germ content of the milk; also the contamination which comes from the dust in the air of the barn. The coat of the cow could be provided in no better way to aid in the distribution of bacteria. Unless kept thoroughly clean, her flanks, under parts and tail become coated with evident filth. Even where this material is not allowed to accumulate there are innumerable dust particles caught in the hair. The majority of these contain organisms of all sorts, bacteria predominating. See what is found on a single hair.

By planting in gelatin these hairs taken from the apparently clean coat of a cow it is possible to study the number and kind of organisms that find their way into the milk. Is it any wonder that milk that contains dirt sours and spoils more readily than clean milk? There are but few things richer in germ life than the filth particles coming from the fecal discharges of animals or the dust and dirt of hay, bedding, etc.

Many think where they have strained out these particles that are visible to the naked eye, that they have removed the source of trouble, but let me tell you if bacteria adhere to hairs, dirt particles, etc., and in this way find their way into milk, a removal of these larger particles by straining does not remove the danger. In this way you may have removed the visible dirt, but what of the invisible dirt, the living germs that will for the most part pass any strainer that will clean milk. These tiny forms are washed through into the milk, there to grow and develop. To remove them from milk after they have once come in contact with this fluid is only to *lessen* the difficulty, it does not *overcome* it. They should be kept out. Again, some of the dirt and filth that drops into milk this way dissolves, and so if bacteria are adherent to any particles that are soluble, they must float off in the fluid as the solid substance passes into solution.

The conditions with reference to the character of bacteria coming from manure are somewhat different from what they were years ago. With the more intense feeding of cattle, particularly the increase of nitrogenous elements, the manure is softer, more fluid and contains more bacteria. As many as 375,000,000 of these organisms per gram were found in fresh manure.

How can the germ life that finds its way into milk from this source be lessened? The experiment of exposing sterile plates under the animal and noting the number of colonies growing on these plates will give one an approximate idea of the importance of this point. From experiments on our own herd I have estimated that from 3,000 to 10,000 bacteria fall into an open 10-inch pail per minute. To get at this number per unit of volume, one can multiply this number by the number of minutes necessary to milk, and then divide by the amount of milk in the pail. The amount thus contributed can be quite readily determined.

Naturally these bacteria are in a dried condition and as such are readily dislodged. Just as in the street where every wind current, however slight, whirls up from the street dust innumerable organisms, so from the udder and flanks of the cow every movement of the cow during milking dislodges some of these forms and they fall in the milk.

If a surface is moist such movement is not possible and this teaches us how this factor of pollution can be greatly reduced. If the bag and flank are thoroughly moistened so as to prevent dislodgment of these dust motes the difficulty would be largely removed.

In an experiment where an animal was milked under ordinary conditions and also with another, the udder of which was washed, the number of bacteria developing on an exposed sterile plate was in the first case over 3,000, while the other was only 115.

The air of the barn may be replete with bacteria from the dirty feed, as hay and straw, and so a can of milk standing open in the barn during milking may acquire a considerable number of bacteria in this way. The figures actually obtained by test show that tens of thousands fall into an open pail during feeding in comparison with a few hundred or one or two thousand where conditions are more practically controlled.

Relative Importance of Foregoing Factors.

No uniform rule can be given that will show the effect of the factors of pollution as they exist in all cases. Naturally at one time one special factor will predominate, while again some other factor assumes more prominence. Perhaps the pollution assumes more prominence. Perhaps the pollution arising from dirt derived from the animal is subject to most variation.

With some patrons no attempt is made to clean the udder of animals, even though the same is covered with slime and dirt from wadding in stagnant pools and pastures. This factor in the minds of the majority of people is generally regarded as that which furnishes a large quota of organisms to the milk, perhaps the largest number of any.

In our experiments, however, such has not been the case. The pollution coming from particles falling into the pail is only a small fraction, probably less than one-tenth. In all probability this is due for the most part to the fact that our University herd is kept considerably cleaner than the average and therefore this pollution is lessened.

In our experience both the fore milk and the utensils are the main factors of pollution; although the pails are steamed for a moment they nevertheless often contain a considerable number of germs. The fore milk with us assumes a relatively high numerical estimate, but that is probably because other conditions are more improved. It probably makes but little difference in the germ content of fore milk whether the herd is kept in the ordinary manner or special endeavors used to keep it in the best form.

There is no question but that careful handling of the milk will result in a very great reduction in the number of bacteria that find their way into the same. This is evident not only from bacteriological tests made on milk drawn under the best, and also ordinary conditions, but also from the increase of the keeping quality of the product.

In the establishment of sanitary or certified dairies, where milk is handled under most modern conditions, the increase in keeping quality is very marked, such milk often remaining in a sweet condition several days, and sometimes a week or more. Whether this is important for the butter or cheesemaker is perhaps another question. It is hardly probable that the average milk producer can be induced to take as great care in the securing and handling of the milk as is done in dairies that produce milk under the sanitary or certified plan, but there can be no question as to the effect which such methods would have upon the quality of the milk if these careful methods of handling were carried out. Even where milk is destined for factory purposes, that is, made into butter and cheese, it is much better to have the germ life reduced to the lowest number, and so control the kind of fermentation than to have the milk highly infected with bacteria through slovenly methods of handling. If this is done the maker can have the fermentation under his control, and by the addition of a starter, which he can choose, he can vary the product to suit the demands of his trade, which he cannot do if the raw milk is brought to him in a dirty condition and in an advanced stage of fermentation.

Dairymen have learned many of these lessons in the severe school of experience, but the reason for the same is so palpably plain in the light of bacteriological explanation that discussion would seem unnecessary. It remains to be seen whether the words of the eminent German scientist, Prof. Fleischmann, will much longer remain true when he says that, "All the results of scientific investigation which have found such great practical application in the treatment of disease, in disinfection and in the preservation of various products are almost entirely ignored in milking."

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In this city, June 13, George A. Lydaker to Mrs. Carrie M. Turtle.

In this city, June 10, William Hallowell and Miss Mary Cushing; June 6, William H. Austin and Miss Fannie P. Young both of Augusta; June 9, Milton S. Briry of Waterville and Miss Josephine Smith of Chelsea.

In Auburndale, Mass., Eugene B. Davis of Rumford Falls and Miss Hortense C. Jones of Auburndale.

In Bangor, June 6, Fred Louis Ricker and Miss Louise Crocker, both of Bangor.

In Bath, June 2, Willis Drummond of Auburn, R. I., and Miss Emma Mayo of Bath; June 4, Robert Oliver and Miss Daisy Gilbert, both of Bath; June 6, James McNeil and Miss Annie A. Barnes, both of Bath; June 6, Albert E Smith of Haverhill, Mass., and Miss Maud M. H. Ingalls of Bath.

In Biddeford, June 4, Edwin A. Andrews of Boston, and Miss Florence M. Taylor of Biddeford.

In Brewer, June 6, Charles D. Wiggin of Orono and Miss Grace M. Savage.

In Brooksville, May 26, Samuel D. Gray of Sedgwick and Miss Frances D. Haley of Brooklin.

In Calais, May 30, Charles H. Cummings and Miss Maria J. Chase; June 6, Paul D. Sargent and Miss Sarah S. McAllister.

In Castine, May 28, Roy Lee Wardwell and Miss Winnifred L. Cushman.

In Clinton, May 27, Adelbert D. McGray and Miss Edith E. Berry.

In Conway, N. H., May 30, John Keene of Waterford and Miss Bertha Nelson of Conway.

In East Eddington, May 21, Charles Rolfe Kenney of Eddington and Miss Nancy Caroline Jordan of Otis.

In East Madison, June 3, Herbert Kerfoot of England and Miss Susie A. Martins of Carratunk.

In Eastport, May 23, Frederick A. Emery and Miss Fannie Rice, both of Eastport.

In Hampden, June 2, Dr. M. A. Perkins of Machias and Miss Alma E. Humphrey of Hampden; June 6, George V. L. Haskell of Bangor and Miss Mildred E. Whiting.

In Houlton, June 5, Edgar Starrett and Miss Josephine Webber.

In Kittery, June 6, John H. Schreiter and Miss Estella Chickering, both of Kittery.

In Lamoine, June 3, Arthur W. Brown and Miss Ruby M. Hodgkins.

In Lewiston, June 1, John A. Tupper of Bemis and Margery E. Brackett of Dixfield.

In Manchester, N. H., Jere N. Wenthworth of Dedham, Mass., and Miss Mabelle E. Hobbs of Milo, Maine.

In New Portland, May 26, Claude O. Dyer of Lexington, to Miss Florence M. Safford of Highland.

In North Bridgton, June 5, Clarence E. Sprague of Otisfield, to Miss Louise A. Hoyt of Bridgton.

In Norway, June 6, Chester A. Flint to Miss Emma P. Titcomb, both of Norway.

In Penobscot, June 2, Herbert H. Perkins to Miss Gertrude H. Allen.

In Portland, June 4, Ernest Eugene Moulton to Miss Alice Maude Burnham, both of Portland; June 6, Patrick J. Cuddyer of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Devine of Portland; June 6, George G. Austin to Miss Frances J. Andrews, both of Portland; June 6, Horace B. Crosby to Miss Eleanor Rae Vose, both of Portland; June 6, Wm. O. Hough to Miss Lucy A. Scribner, both of Portland.

In Razorville, May 29, Eben Linscott of Burketville, to Miss Inez Turner of East Palermo.

In Robbinston, May 7, John McNutt of Robbinston, to Miss Mary Bugbee of Perry.

In Rockland, June 6, Capt. James McNeely of Michigan, to Miss Helen F. Wingfield of Rockland.

In Saco, June 5, Harold A. Wormwood of Saco, to Miss Ethel B. Sawyer.

In Scarboro, June 6, Daniel B. Shaw of Windham, to Miss Ella Gilman of Scarboro.

In Searsport, May 30, Nathaniel L. Littlefield of Prospect, to Mrs. Aroline H. Walker of Stockton Springs.

In Sedgwick, June 4, Fred Sargent of Sargentville, to Miss Nellie E. Clapp of Sedgwick.

In Skowhegan, May 27, Jeddie A. Parkman of St. Albans, to Miss Berthena Silva Wheeler of Pittsfield; June 12, Francis W. Briggs of Pittsfield, to Miss Margaret Goodwin of Gardiner.

In South Thomaston, June 5, John H. De Orsey of Waterville, to Miss Grace L. Smith of So. Thomaston.

In Springvale, May 26, Elmer F. Morrison to Miss Jennie R. Butler.

In Steuben, June 3, Albert Hodgkins to Miss Lottie N. Andrews.

In Surry, May 26, Martin A. Shapleigh to Miss Etta L. Smith, both of Surry.

In Topsham, June 4, James H. Thompson to Miss Edith A. Hoyt.

In Union, June 2, Clarence A. Mank of Warren, to Miss Carrie Belle Gleason of Union.

In Vinalhaven, June 5, Arthur L. Coster to Miss Annie E. Lawry, both of Vinalhaven.

In Waterville, June 3, Elmer W. Rollins of Vassalboro, to Miss Maud E. Wood of Waterville.

In Westbrook, June 2, John Waite to Miss Addie M. Wiers, both of Westbrook.

Died.

In this city, June 13, Mrs. Jennie M. Williams aged 71 years.

In this city, June 4, Mrs. Elizabeth Fifield, aged 85 years.

In this city, June 7, Lucretia Chandler Russell, of Portland, aged 83 years.

In this city, June 15, N. R. Winslow of Randolph, aged about 70 years.

In Bar Harbor, June 1, Henry Sayles Francis, of Boston, aged 46 years, 3 months.

In Bath, June 5, Elizabeth G., wife of Llewellyn D. Rogers, aged 23 years, 1 month.

In Belfast, June 2, Mrs. Mary A. Harriman, aged 82 years, 9 months.

In Calais, May 25, Anna Belle Knight, aged 9 years; May 30, Fred W. Morrell aged 6 months.

In Campobello, June 4, Clement Henry Batson, aged 35 years and 9 months.

In Carroll, Iowa, June 2, John F. Hurley of Ellsworth, aged 29 years.

In Cutler, May 30, Mrs. Sarah A. Howard, aged 77 years; Mrs Elizabeth Ackley, aged 80 years.

In Deer Isle, May 26, Clinton E. Conary, aged 7 months; June 3, George W. Bray, aged 57 years.

In East Dixfield, May 25, Mrs. Fannie Hall, aged 89 years.

In Eastport, June 4, Harold H., infant child of John and Abbie Leland, aged 2 months; June 5, James L. Cross, aged 27 years, 6 months.

In Edes' Falls' May 22, Mrs. Eugene Tenney.

In Ellsworth, June 4, Thomas Alden Crabtree, aged 70 years.

In Falmouth, June 5, Ezra M. Lunt, aged 70 years, 8 months.

In Farmington, June 5, Daniel Clark, aged 80 years.

In Gardiner, June 2, Katherine, daughter of J. F. Kelley, aged 2 years.

In Greenvale, June 1, Samuel Clark, aged 91 years.

In Hebron, May 30, Mrs. Olive Donham.

In Hiram, May 30, Mrs. Lucy Storer, aged 82 years, 6 months.

In Kingfield, June 2, Stephen L. Thompson.

In Knightville, June 10, Gertrude L. Eldridge, daughter of Thomas F. and Mary G. Walsh, aged 23 years.

In Lewiston, June 1, Mrs. Letitia, wife of O. P. Walker of Strong, aged 45 years; June 4, Warren C. Darrah, aged 55 years.

In Lincoln, Mrs. Eliza Jones, aged 71 years.

In Lowell, Mass, June 2, Reuben Durrell, formerly of Farmington, aged about 74 years.

In Machias, June 2, Francis Leander, son of Herbert A. and Fannie Bowker, aged 7 years and 2 months.

In Naples, May 25, Caroline Libby.

North Anson, May 28, Mrs Bradford Spencer, aged 51 years; May 31, Seth Burns, aged 69 years; June 6, Eugene F. Collins, aged 72 years.

In North Haven, May 24, John Thurston, aged 81 years and 5 months.

In Oxford, May 35, Adna Thayer, aged 79 years and 4 months.

In Peru, May 26, Mrs. Rebecca Stevens, aged 88 years and 9 months.

In Portland, June 4, Mary C. Russell, aged 58 years; June 5, Carl William, son of Hans and Mary Hansen, aged 21 years 2 months; June 5, George H. Hodgkins, aged 33 years 11 months; June 6, Mrs. Julia A. Denison, aged 76 years 1 month; June 6, John B. Mitchell, aged 63 years 4 months; June 7, Patrick F. Murphy, aged 31 years; June 7, Annie M. Gilmour, aged 27 years 8 months; June 7, Etta W., wife of Henry C. Boulter, aged 58 years; June 8, Charles H. Peterson, aged 32 years; June 8, Martha M. Weeb, wife of John J. Bodge of South Windham, aged 62 years 5 months; June 4, Lucinda., wife of Wadsworth Verrill, aged 38 years 6 months; June 10, Annie S., wife of Capt. John Orchard, aged 53 years 6 months; June 10, Carl M. Halverson, youngest son of Clarence and Mabel Halverson, aged 5 months; June 9, John Dimond, aged 65 years.

In Shapleigh, June 4, Isaiah Ham, aged about 70 years.

In Robbinston, June 4, Mrs. Thomas Norton, aged 78 years 7 months.

In Rockland, May 29, Eugene Carver, formerly of Vinalhaven, aged 27 years 1 months.

In Skowhegan, June 6, Mrs. Susan N. Boardman, aged 92 years, 9 months.

In South Portland, June 10, William H. Carter, aged 41 years.

In Webb's Mills, May 26, Caroline, widow of the late Noah Winslow, aged 57 years.

In Wellington, May 26, Miss Ival Walker, aged 16 years.

In West Harrington, June 2, Capt. John Strout, aged 84 years.

In West Sumner, June 4, Wm. T. Bonney, aged 57 years.

In Willimantic, June 1, Miss Ada C. Pease, aged 21 years 7 months.

In Wilson's Mills, May 28, Flora M., daughter of Harry B. and Ethel Pennock, aged 3 years 3 months.

In Winthrop, June 3, Mrs. Mary J. Freeman, aged 63 years.

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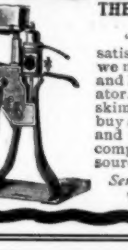

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Teacher. Can any of the class explain to me why the way of the transgressor is hard?

Scholar. I guess it's because it's traveled so much.—*Ohio State Journal.*

When you need medicine you should get the best that money can buy, and experience proves this to be Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Mamma," cried little Willie from the bath room, "please get me another sponge."

"Why, what's the matter with the one you have?" asked the mother.

"It's full of holes and leaks awfully," was the reply.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth,

be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, since Johnny has told us that it was Joshua who commanded the sun to stand still, can any one tell us why he commanded it to do so?

Willy—Please, ma'am, I s'pose it was because Joshua didn't know anything about the earth turning on its axis.—*Puck.*

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Daisy—When I get big like you, mamma, I'm going to marry a minister or a doctor.

Mamma—Why, my dear?

Daisy—'Cause, if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing; if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing.

Farmers provide yourself with Pain-Killer at this season of the year, when colic, cholera morbus, dysentery, diarrhœa, &c., may disable your hands—use it in every case of the kind, but be sure that you trust to no other remedy but the old, long tried Perry Davis Pain-Killer which never failed. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. Price 25c. and 50c.

"I suppose," he said, as they undulated around the hall, "that my mother would be awfully worried if she knew I was here. She thinks it is a terrible thing to dance."

"Oh, never mind," the girl said, "she wouldn't know you were dancing even if she saw you."—*Stray Stories.*

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

"Maw, what's de difference between er politician and er statesman?"

"Well, honey, a mushroom's good, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'um."

"And dey bof look alike?"

"Yes, 'um."

"Des same difference from statesman to a politician."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, costs you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations. 428

"Mamma," called 3-year-old Margie from the top of the stairs, "won't you please come up and sit with me till I go to sleep?"

"No, darling, mamma's busy now," was the reply. "Run back to bed; the angels will watch over you till you go to sleep."

"That's what you said before, mamma," answered the little miss, "but the angels didn't show up, and I'm just awful lonesome."

"Quick lunch," is one of the commonest of city signs. The sign doesn't say "a healthy lunch of good food—the character of the food apparently is not considered, it's just a *quick lunch*,—eat and get away. Is it any wonder that the stomach breaks down? Food is thrown at it, sloppy, indigestible and innutritious food, very often, and the stomach has to do the best it can. Normally there should be no need for medical assistance for the stomach. But the average method of life is abnormal and while this continues there will always be a demand for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the one medicine which can be relied on to cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It is not a cure-all. It is a medicine designed for the stomach, and to cure through the stomach remote diseases which have their cause in the derangement of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. It cures when all else fails.

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense.

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GRANT FARM JERSEYS,
"Blood of the World's Fair Winners."
Stock for sale at all times. Address
GRANT FARM, GARDINER, ME.

GASOLINE ENGINES, for Wood Sawing, Dairy and Farm Work, etc., etc. Send for terms and prices. G. DIRIGO ENGINE WORKS, 319 Federal Street, Portland, Me.

MAINE CENTRAL R·R·

Arrangement of Trains in Effect Oct. 2, 1899.

FOR BANGOR: Leave Portland, 6.55, 10.25, A. M., 12.35, 1.20, †11.00 P. M., 7.20 A. M., (Sundays only) via Brunswick and Augusta; 1.10 P. M., via Lewiston and Winthrop; leave **Brunswick**, 12.15, 7.55 and 11.27 A. M., 1.34 and 2.25 P. M., 8.15 A. M., Sundays only; leave **Bath**, †11.45, 7.20 and 10.50 A. M., and 5.00 P. M.; leave **Lewiston**, (upper) 9.50 A. M., 2.35 P. M.; leave Lewiston, (lower) 6.55 and 10.25 A. M., and 12.40 and †11.10 P. M.; leave **Gardiner**, †1.12 and 8.05 A. M., 12.17, †2.15 and 3.20 P. M., 9.03 A. M. Sundays only; leave **Augusta**, 1.35 and 9.07 A. M., 12.33 †2.30 and 3.45 P. M., 9.15 A. M., Sundays only; leave **Skowhegan**, 8.20 A. M., 1.35 P. M.; leave **Waterville**, 2.25, 9.50, 6.20 A. M., and 1.20, †3.10 and 4.30 P. M., 9.57 A. M. Sundays only.

FOR ST. JOHN and AROOSTOOK CO: Leave **Bangor** 4.35 A. M. and 2.05 P. M.; leave **Bangor** for **Ellsworth** and W. C. R. R., †6.00 A. M., and for **Mt. Desert Ferry** and **Bar Harbor**, 9.30 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.; for **Bucksport**, 6.50 and 11.50 A. M., and 4.55 P. M., and 7.00 P. M. (Saturdays only).

A train leaves Portland at 8.30 A. M., for Lewiston and Farmington. Trains leave **Portland** at 1.10 and 5.15 P. M. for Lewiston, at 5.10 P. M. for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta and Waterville.

The mid-day trains connect for Rockland, Farmington, Phillips, Kingfield, Rangeley, North Anson, Skowhegan, Belfast, Dexter, Dover and Foxcroft, Bar Harbor and Bucksport, and night trains run every night between Boston and Bangor, connecting at Brunswick for Lewiston, Bath, and, by waiting at junction points, for Skowhegan, excepting Monday mornings, and for Belfast, Dexter, Bar Harbor and Bucksport, excepting Sunday mornings.

FOR PORTLAND, BOSTON, and WAY STATIONS: Leave Houlton, 8.20 A. M., and 2.00 P. M., via B. & A., 4.25 P. M. via C. P.; leave St. Stephen, 7.40 A. M., 4.40 P. M.; leave Vanceboro, 9.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M.; leave Bar Harbor, 10.00 A. M., 3.25 P. M.; leave Ellsworth, 11.53 A. M., 5.31 and 9.58 P. M., 6.08, P. M., Sundays only, leave Bucksport, 8.50 A. M., 3.00, 6.15 P. M., 5.50 A. M. Mondays only; leave Bangor 7.15 A. M., 1.35, †8.00 and 11.45 P. M., 8.00 A. M. (Sundays only) leave Dover and Foxcroft (via Dexter), 7.05 A. M.; leave Belfast, 7.15 A. M., 1.20 P. M.; leave Skowhegan, 8.20 A. M., 1.35 P. M.; leave Waterville, (via Winthrop) 9.15 A. M., 2.30 P. M.; (via Augusta) 6.00, 9.15 A. M., 2.30, 3.15, 10.05 P. M., 1.22 A. M., 9.50, A. M. Sundays only; leave Augusta, 6.35, 10.00 A. M., 3.10, 3.48, †10.55 P. M., 1.55 A. M. 10.25 A. M. Sundays only; leave Bath, 7.20, 10.50 A. M., 4.00 P. M. †11.45, (midnight) 11.05 A. M. (Sundays only); leave Brunswick, 7.47, 11.20 A. M., 4.22, 4.48 P. M., 12.25 3.05 A. M. (night), 11.30 A. M. Sundays only; leave Farmington, 8.35 A. M., 2.25 P. M.; leave Lewiston (upper) 7.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.25 P. M.; leave Lewiston (lower) 6.55, 10.25 A. M., †11.10 P. M.

The morning trains from Augusta, and forenoon trains from Bangor and Lewiston, connect for Rockland. Trains run between Augusta and Gardiner, Bath and Brunswick, and between Brunswick and Lewiston, at convenient hours, for time of which, as well as time of trains at stations not mentioned above, reference may be had of posters at stations and other public places, or Time Table Folder will be cheerfully furnished on application to the General Passenger Agent.

†Daily.

GEO. F. EVANS,
Vice Pres. & General Manager.
F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Ag't
Sept. 28, 1899.

THE NEW YORK WORLD, THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

As Good to You as a Daily, and You Get it at the Price of a Weekly.

It furnishes more at the price than any other newspaper published in America. Its news service covers all the globe and is equaled by that of few dailies. Its reports from the Boer war have not been excelled in thoroughness and promptness, and with the presidential campaign now in progress it will be invaluable. Its political news is absolutely impartial. This fact makes it of especial value to you at this time.

If you want to watch every move of the great political campaign take the *Thrice-a-Week World.* If you want to keep your eye on the Trusts—and they need watching—take the *Thrice-a-Week World.* If you want to know all foreign developments, take the *Thrice-a-Week World.*

The *Thrice-a-Week World's* regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequaled newspaper and the *Maine Farmer* together one year for $1 65.

Stock Farm for Sale.

Maple Grove Stock Farm, property of the late F. D. Harmon, situated on Brunswick road, about two miles from Gardiner post office. The farm contains 100 acres of land, 40 acres mowing field, cut 35 tons of hay in 1899; two pastures, well watered; wood lot, more than 150 cords of wood; a large orchard; story-and-half house, eight rooms, good repair; two stables, 10 box stalls; water in house and well at stable.

This is one of the best farms ever placed on the market for all farming purposes. Will be sold at a bargain.

Apply to M. A. HARADEN, Real Estate Agent, Gardiner, Maine. 28tf

Hobart Farm Jerseys

FOR SALE—Solid, Dark Fawn BULL, dropped Sept. 20, 1898.
Sire—Premier Pedro 49272, the test of whose dam, g. dam and g. g. dam is 22 lbs. 13 oz.; a g. son of Pedro 3187, sire of 27 tested daughters over 18 lbs., sweepstakes prize-winner at World's Fair.
Dam—A granddaughter of Pedro 3187, and of Marjoram of Linden 43600, test of 22 lbs. 12 oz. for T. S. Cooper.
Price reasonable. Write to Hobart Farm, Dover, N.H.

Hood Farm Jerseys

Bull dropped March 19, 1900. Solid color, black points. Sire, Pedro Signal Landseer, sire of one in 14 lb. list. Dam, Sophie 7th of H. F., 16 lbs. 4 oz., full sister of Sophie 6th of H. F., 14 lbs. 3½ oz., by Torono, a son of Sophie's Tormentor, 17 in 14-lb. list.

Write for price to
HOOD FARM,
Lowell, Mass.

Cows barren 3 years MADE TO BREED.
Book Free. Moore Brothers, Albany, N. Y.

THE OLD RELIABLE REMEDY
For Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness is
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
Certain in its effects and does not blemish or blister.

Holstein, Iowa, Feb. 19, 1898.
Dear Sirs:—Please send me one of your Treatise on the Horse. I have a mare that had a Ringbone. I used one bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, after I used it two weeks my horse got well. I think it is the best medicine in the world for horses.
Yours truly, GUSTIVE PAULSEN.

Price, $1; six for $5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your Druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

LAVATER—

Thoroughbred French Coach stallion, will make the season from May 1 to July 1 in the hands of Mr. Webster, West Farmington: Monday, Strong and Phillips; Tuesday, Strong and West Farmington; Wednesday, New Sharon; Thursday, Wilton and East Wilton; Friday, Chesterville; Saturday, Farmington.

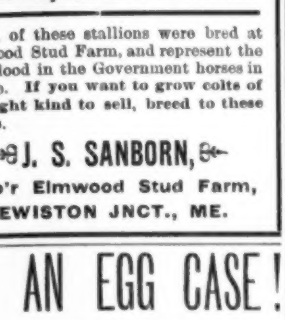
TARTAR—

Thoroughbred French Coach stallion, will make the season: Monday, Mt. Vernon; Tuesday, Belgrade; Wednesday A. M., Augusta; P. M., Manchester; Thursday, Winthrop; Friday, Wayne; Saturday, Readfield.

Terms, only $15.00 to Warrant.

Both of these stallions were bred at Elmwood Stud Farm, and represent the best blood in the Government horses in France. If you want to grow colts of the right kind to sell, breed to these horses.

J. S. SANBORN,
Prop'r Elmwood Stud Farm,
LEWISTON JNCT., ME.



GET AN EGG CASE!

For Convenience's Sake,
For Comfort's Sake,
For Safety and Profit,
....GET A....
FARMER'S SECTIONAL HANDY EGG CASE.

Six dozen, 75 cents. Twelve dozen, $1.00.

SEND DIRECT TO
GEO. H. FRENCH, Augusta, Me.

..10,000,000..
FLIES and LICE
KILLED INSTANTLY
on Cattle, Horses and Hens, with
Eureka Fly Killer.
INEXPENSIVE—SURE.
Sold in every town in Maine.
THE J. H. AMES CO.
BOWDOINHAM, MAINE.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. STOP SMOKING! 1,500,000 boxes sold. 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

HEEBNER'S Patent Level Tread Horse Power with Speed Regulator. For 1, 2 and 3 horses. Catalog free.
LITTLE GIANT Threshing Machine
Threshes grain, rice, flax, millet and grass seed. Fully warranted. Feed and Ensilage Cutters, Feed Grinders.
HEEBNER & SONS, Lansdale, Pa., U. S. A.

The "GEM" FULL CIRCLE BALING PRESS AND ALL METAL MACHINE.
Write for Catalogue GEO. ERTEL CO., Quincy, Ill.

OAKVALE POULTRY FARM.
JAMES DORGAN, PROP.
Breeder of prize winning Barred and White Plymouth Rocks. I won 6 firsts, 1 second and 2 specials on 8 entries at Hancock County Fair. 1899 eggs, $1.00 per 13. A good hatch guaranteed.
P. O. Box 428, ELLSWORTH, ME.

EATON BROS., Searsport, Me.
P. O. Address, PARK, ME.
Originators of the light-weight strain of Light Brahmas.
We have bred them fourteen years for eggs, and early maturity pullets have been got to laying before five months old. They are short-legged, active, very hardy, and great layers of large brown eggs that bring the highest market prices. Eggs, $1.00 per sitting. Discount by the hundred. 13t23

DO YOU KNOW that for quick growth, early layers, and prize winners, Lowell's Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns are among the leaders? Eggs from my best pens, $1.00 per 13, $2.00 per 30, $3.00 per 50. A fair hatch guaranteed. If you want some chicks that are worth raising, send me your order. No reduction in prices of eggs this season.
J. W. LOWELL, Gardiner, Me.

EASTMAN'S
Barred Plymouth Rocks have been selected for several years for their quick growth and early laying qualities. Eggs, $1 per sitting or $6 per 100.
C. F. EASTMAN, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

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White Lead Tinting Colors
obtain any desired shade of
ead Paint, *proved* by the ex-
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brands in margin are genuine
cess" White Lead.

use National Lead Company's Pure White
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Pamphlet giving full information and show-
also pamphlet entitled "Uncle Sam's Ex-
forwarded upon application.

William Street, New York.

R WORK THAN GUARANTEED TO DO
POTSDAM, N. Y., May 11, 1900.
3 U. S. Separator 2½ years with great
r work than guaranteed. Last season
r cow, to say nothing about the calves
ve been impossible without the separ-
ne enhances the feeding value of the
would be well for people who intend to
careful comparison between the simple
ts enclosed gearing, and competitors'
owl, with exposed gears, which are a
nes." J. N. BAUM & SON.
ing hundreds more like the above.
ACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.

MAINE CENTRAL R.R.

rrangement of Trains in Effect Oct. 2, 1899.

FOR BANGOR: Leave Portland, 6.55,
0.25, A. M., 12.35, 1.20, †11.00 P. M., 7.20 A.
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. M., and 5.00 P. M.; leave Lewiston,
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ower) 6.55 and 10.25 A. M., and 12.40 and
1.10 P. M.; leave Gardiner, †1.12 and 8.05
. M., 12.17, †2.15 and 3.20 P. M., 9.03 A. M.
undays only; leave Augusta, 1.35 and 9.07
. M., 12.33 †2.30 and 3.45 P. M., 9.15 A. M.,
undays only; leave Skowhegan, 8.20 A. M.,
35 P. M.; leave Waterville, 2.25, 9.50, 6.20
. M., and 1.20, †3.10 and 4.30 P. M., 9.57 A.
. Sundays only.
FOR ST. JOHN and AROOSTOOK CO:
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.00 A. M., and for Mt. Desert Ferry and
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The mid-day trains connect for Rockland,
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over and Foxcroft, Bar Harbor and Bucks
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runswick for Lewiston, Bath, and, by wait-
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exter, Bar Harbor and Bucksport, excepting
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M.; leave Skowhegan, 8.20 A. M., 1.35 P.
; leave Waterville, (via Winthrop) 9.15 A.
, 2.30 P. M.; (via Augusta) 6.00, 9.15 A. M.,
30, 3.15, 10.05 P. M., 1.22 A. M., 9.50, A. M.
ndays only; leave Augusta, 6.35, 10.00 A.M.,
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ndays only; leave Bath, 7.20, 10.50 A. M.,
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32, 4.48 P. M., 12.25 3.05 A. M. (night), 11.30
M. Sundays only; leave Farmington, 8.35
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Daily.

GEO. F. EVANS,
Vice Pres. & General Manager.
F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Ag't.
Sept. 28, 1899.

HE NEW YORK WORLD,
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Good to You as a Daily, and
You Get it at the Price of
a Weekly.

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. Its news service covers all the globe
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reports from the Boer war have not
n excelled in thoroughness and
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mpaign now in progress it will be in-
uable. Its political news is absolute-
impartial. This fact makes it of
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35.

ock Farm for Sale.

aple Grove Stock Farm, property of the
F. D. Harmon, situated on Brunswick
, about two miles from Gardiner post
e. The farm contains 100 acres of land,
cres mowing field, cut 35 tons of hay in
9; two pastures, well watered; wood lot,
e than 150 cords of wood; a large orchard;
y-and-half house, eight rooms, good re-
; two stables, 10 box stalls; water in
se and well at stable.
his is one of the best farms ever placed on
market for all farming purposes. Will be
at a bargain.
pply to M. A. HARADEN, Real Estate
nt, Gardiner, Maine. 28tf

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FOR SALE—Solid, Dark Fawn BULL, dropped Sept. 20, 1898.
Sire—Premier Pedro 49272, the test of whose dam, g. dam and g. g. dam is 22 lbs. 13 oz.; a g. son of Pedro 3187, sire of 27 tested daughters over 18 lbs., sweepstakes prize-winner at World's Fair.
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Price reasonable. Write to Hobart Farm, Dover, N.H.

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Write for price to
HOOD FARM,
Lowell, Mass.

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MADE TO BREED.
Moore Brothers, Albany, N. Y.

THE OLD RELIABLE REMEDY
For Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness is

Certain in its effects and does not blemish or blister.
Holstein, Iowa, Feb. 19, 1898.
Dear Sirs:—Please send me one of your Treatise on the Horse. I have a mare that had a Ringbone. I used one bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, after I used it two weeks my horse got well. I think it is the best medicine in the world for horses.
Yours truly, GUSTIVE PAULSEN.
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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

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Terms, only $15.00 to Warrant.

Both of these stallions were bred at Elmwood Stud Farm, and represent the best blood in the Government horses in France. If you want to grow colts of the right kind to sell, breed to these horses.

J. S. SANBORN,
Prop'r Elmwood Stud Farm,
LEWISTON JNCT., ME.

GET AN EGG CASE!

For Convenience's Sake,
For Comfort's Sake,
For Safety and Profit,
....GET A....
FARMER'S SECTIONAL HANDY
EGG CASE.
Six dozen, 75 cents. Twelve dozen, $1.00.
SEND DIRECT TO
GEO. H. FRENCH, Augusta, Me.

..10,000,000..
FLIES and LICE
KILLED INSTANTLY
on Cattle, Horses and
Hens, with
Eureka Fly Killer.
INEXPENSIVE—SURE.
Sold in every town in Maine.
THE J. H. AMES CO.
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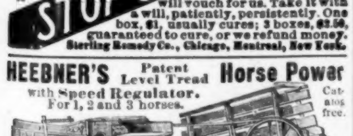

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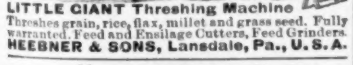

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JAMES DORGAN, PROP.
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P. O. Address, PARK, ME.
Originators of the light-weight strain of Light Brahmas.
We have bred them fourteen years for eggs, and early maturity pullets have been got to laying before five months old. They are short-legged, active, very hardy, and great layers of large brown eggs that bring the highest market prices. Eggs, $1.00 per sitting. Discount by the hundred. 13t33

DO YOU KNOW
that for quick growth, early layers, and prize winners, Lowell's Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns are among the leaders? Eggs from my best pens, $1.00 per 13, $2.00 per 30, $3.00 per 50. A fair hatch guaranteed. If you want some chicks that are worth raising, send me your order. No reduction in prices of eggs this season.
J. W. LOWELL, Gardiner, Me.

EASTMAN'S
Barred Plymouth Rocks have been selected for several years for their quick growth and early laying qualities. Eggs, $1 per sitting or $6 per 100.
C. F. EASTMAN, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

Poultry.

A GREAT LACK.

One of the greatest lacks of the poultry grower is the neglect of the broods during the growing season. In these busy days a dish of corn meal mixed with water is set out in front of the coops or scattered over the boards and the chicks can eat or go without for the day. Such men usually wonder why the chicks fail to grow and so many die. A thing worth doing at all is worth doing well, and surely he who grows poultry must heed this chunk of wisdom, for it covers the whole field of successful hen raising. If the chicks are to grow they must be fed regularly upon good, sound, healthy food. At least five times a day a little food should be given and none left to sour. Poultry raising is no makeshift of a business and does not thrive under neglect in any particular. If you would have hardy, thrifty, growthy chicks see to them while young and make certain that they are properly fed at regular hours. Doing this and guarding against the encroachment of lice, the growth will be satisfactory.

ANIMAL FOOD FOR POULTRY.

Mr. W. P. Wheeler, of the Geneva (N. Y.) Experiment Station, has been conducting a series of experiments regarding the feeding of animal food to poultry. He says:

"Of two rations which contain practically the same proportions of the ordinarily considered groups of constituents, but different amounts of mineral matter, one wholly of vegetable origin proved much inferior for growing chicks to the other ration, higher in ash content, containing animal food.

When the deficiency of mineral matter was made good by the addition of bone ash, the vegetable food ration for chicks equaled or somewhat surpassed in efficiency the corresponding ration in which three-eighths of the protein was derived from animal food.

For laying hens the rations containing animal food proved superior to others in which all the organic matter was derived from vegetable sources. The vegetable food ration supplemented by bone ash proved equally efficient for limited periods.

Rations containing animal food proved very much superior for ducklings to rations of vegetable origin which had, according to the ordinary methods of estimation, practically the same nutritive value. A ration of vegetable food supplemented by bone ash proved much inferior to another ration of similar 'composition' in which three-eighths of the protein came from animal food."

POULTRY POINTERS.

It takes several days for a remedy to have effect, so be patient and do not grow weary of well doing until you are sure no good is being accomplished.

When new fowl are brought on the place quarantine them for a few days, applying remedies for lice and disinfecting or you may purchase more than the fowl themselves.

In nearly all cases the fowl may be given free range in the orchard with benefit to trees and themselves. They put in hours hunting for the very insects you wish destroyed.

Productiveness depends on the owner as much as the flock. The value of the product is greater in some hands than in others, depending on the ability to find a profitable market.

Scaly leg is very unsightly and the cause of much annoyance to fowl afflicted with it. A teaspoonful of sulphur and a few drops of kerosene mixed with as much lard will prove a cure if applied a few times.

Remember that the sooner the hens moult the sooner they get to laying in the fall. The shorter the moulting period the more active and vigorous they are. Add a gill of linseed meal to each quart of soft food and you will help things greatly.

The French have discovered by careful investigation that to produce more female than male offspring in sheep, four year old ewes must be bred to yearling rams and vice-versa. Applying this discovery to fowl could not the same results be obtained?—*Poultry, Fruit and Garden.*

THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

How a South Dakota farmer makes his head save his heels by connecting his hens' heels with the force of gravity is thus told by T. B. Terry:

He keeps a nice flock of hens and manages them in the same easy way, and still is succeeding finely. You say he must thresh grain or buy it for them. Not he! You don't know the man. Now remember I am reporting facts, not giving you a fancy sketch. First, the floor of the hen house is one foot higher at one end than at the other. The door is at the lower end. The floor is stone and gravel pounded down smooth. The main food of the hens is oats and wheat fed in the straw and grown together. He says it is good for them to scratch it over and pick out the grain. He sows one-third oats and two-thirds wheat on a piece of land and harvests the crop in bundles, same as oat hay. The hens are always fed on the upper end of the floor, and while picking out the grain they work the straw to the lower end, so he doesn't even have to clean off a place to feed them next time. By leaving the door open and having a sharp fall outside they will even scratch the straw clear out of the way themselves. In this easy way the hens get most of their living; they are fed a little corn and some vegetables, too, however. You have heard of the man who had everything he wanted except time to enjoy. Friend Greeley has so managed to get everything he wants and have time to enjoy it, too. Is not that a happy combination? There are thousands of farms in the Northwest where the same thing can be done in the same way. There are other thousands, all over the land, where much more could be done in this direction than is done now. Isn't it worth working for, dear friends?—Enough and time to enjoy it.

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GEESE.
MUST SELL IMMEDIATELY, owing to lack of pasturage for young stock, all our adult medium quality, pure bred and common market breeding geese. Nothing reserved but the finest show winners and choice breeders valued at $10 each and upwards. All others at less than half price to make them go quick. African ganders, two and three-year olds, for market breeding, $2.50 each for two or more. African type ganders mated with common white, pied and medium grade Toulouse and Embdens at $2 each in lots of ten. Very large Africans for market breeding at $10 per trio. Choice African and Embden yearling ganders at $5 each. Can be maintained until frost on grass pasturage, at slight expense. ALSO HALF THE RHODE ISLAND RED HENS IN BREEDING PENS at $1.50, $2.50 and $5 each if ordered quick. If the birds do not suit, return them and your money back. Address,
SAMUEL CUSHMAN,
West Mansfield, Mass.

RAISING TURKEYS.

1. Never let the young turkeys get wet. The slightest dampness is fatal.
2. Feed nothing the first 24 hours after they are hatched.
3. Before putting them in the coop see that it is perfectly clean and free from lice, and dust them three times a week with insect powder.
4. Be sure the hen is free from lice. Dust her, too.
5. Look out for mites and the large lice on the heads, necks and vents. Grease heads, necks and vents with lard, but avoid kerosene.
6. Nine-tenths of the young turkeys die from lice. Remember that.
7. Filth will soon make short work of them. Feed on clean surfaces. Give water in a manner so that they can only wet their beaks.
8. The first week feed a mixture of one egg (beaten) and sifted ground oats, mixed, with salt to taste, and cooked as bread; then crumble for them, with milk or curds, so they can drink all they want. Feed every two hours early and late.
9. Give a little raw meat every day; also finely chopped onions or other tender green food.
10. After the first week, keep wheat and ground bone in boxes before them all the time, but feed three times a day on a mixture of corn meal, wheat middlings, ground oats, all cooked, and to which chopped green food is added.
11. Mashed potatoes, cooked turnips, cold rice and such, will always be in order.
12. Too much hard boiled egg will cause bowel disease.
13. Remove coop to fresh ground often in order to avoid filth.
14. Ground bone, fine gravel, ground shells and a dust bath must be provided.
15. Finely-cut fresh bones from the butcher's, with the adhering meat, is excellent.
16. They must be carefully attended until well feathered.
17. Give them liberty on dry, warm days.
18. A high roost in an open shed which faces the south is better than a closed house for grown turkeys.
19. A single union of a male and female fertilizes all the eggs the hen will lay for the season; hence, one gobbler will suffice for 20 or more hens.
20. Two-year-old gobblers with pullets, or a yearling gobbler with 2-year-old hens is good mating. Gobblers and hens of the same age may be mated, but it is better to have a difference in the age.
21. Turkeys can be hatched in an incubator and raised to the age of 3 months in a brooder, but only in lots of 25, as they require constant care.
22. Capons make excellent nurses for turkeys and chicks.
23. It is not advisable to mate a 40-pound gobbler with common hens, as the result will be injury. A medium-sized gobbler is better.
24. Young gobblers may be distinguished from the females by being heavier, more masculine in appearance, more carunculated on the head and a development of the "tassels" on the breast. A little experience may be required at first.
25. Adult turkeys cannot be kept in confinement, as they will pine away. By feeding them in the barnyard a little, night and morning, they will not stray off very far, but they cannot be entirely prevented from roaming, and the hen prefers to make her own nest.—*Poultry Keeper.*

Horse.

Charles Wellington, the well known horseman of Unity, was kicked and severely injured on Sunday by a horse in his stable. The hoof of the animal hit Mr. Wellington in the chest and he has since been suffering severely from the effect of it.

C. H. Nelson made a shipment of 12 head of fine driving horses to the Boston market last week. Mr. Nelson went to Paris and was in town but a couple of hours, yet while there he bought seven head. For six of them he gave $1,200, and it took but a few minutes in which to make the deal. When Hod Nelson sees a horse he likes it takes him less than five minutes to purchase.

CAMERON, WARREN CO., Nov. 24, '99.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Sirs: Please find enclosed one two cent stamp for which please send me your book, on the Treatment of Horses. I have not been out of your Kendall's Spavin Cure three weeks at a time in the past ten years, it is my cure-all. I have cured Spavins, Ringbones, Corns, etc.

Yours, C. S. NEWKIRK.

Figures made by the government show that the decline in horse values in the United States from 1892 to 1896 amounted to the appalling sum of $500,000,000. Those who thought that the bursting of the boom was only a 22-caliber affair can ponder over these figures to advantage. Since 1896 the increase in horse values amounts to over $100,000,000, with a decrease of nearly 2,000,000 in the number of horses. We are getting back some of the losses.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

FRAZER
AXLE GREASE.
THIS IS JUST WHAT I SHALL DO AFTER THIS
MY FRIEND! YOU SHOULD USE FRAZER AXLE GREASE
TRADE MARK
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER;
TRY IT!
USE THE BEST
TAKE NO OTHER

J. R. Toothaker, Rangeley, has in his stallion Ensign, a good horse. Ensign is four years old, a chestnut, stands 16 hands high, and weighs 1,200 pounds, was sired by Alcyone, 2.27, by Geo. Wilkes, 2.22; dam, Princess, by Ringwood, by Edward Everett. Other horses owned by Mr. Toothaker worthy of mention are a 6-year-old bay mare by Haley, stands 15-3, weight 1,050 pounds; a St. Croix mare; a bay mare 5 years old by Patchenteer, and a chestnut mare by Tom Reed, dam, Harry Knox; this mare is a pacer, stands 15 3, weight 1,050 pounds.

THE POPULAR ROAD HORSE.

The Half Blood French Coach Pleases.

It is with a comfortable, satisfied air that Mr. J. S. Sanborn, proprietor of Elmwood Stock Farm, Lewiston Junction, views the horse situation today, finding all his predictions verified and the horse of his choice, the French Coach, everywhere recognized as the ideal road horse of the period. It was only after careful investigation, when everybody was crazy for speed, that he planted this farm and secured the most noted blood of France, bred under such rigid supervision for over two hundred years. The market today calls for just what he predicted ten years ago and the situation is what he foretold. Today Elmwood Farm finds itself utterly unable to supply a fraction of the calls from those searching for the high class, stylish, courageous roadster, and every horse sold proves of such worth that the demand for more multiplies. Well may Mr. Sanborn say, "I told you so," for the farm was planted in the face of violent opposition. This year this broad minded man has sent a magnificent young stallion into Franklin county and another into Kennebec, and both are being liberally patronized. The farmers in these counties who have not seen these horses should do so at once, while those outside these limits will do well to visit the farm and inspect the five stallions there. This is to be the great breeding establishment of New England, and its colts bred from these French Coach stallions will always find ready sale. It will pay any farmer who proposes to grow a colt to get in touch with this enthusiastic owner and breeder.

SHOEING HORSES.

Much is being written on the subject of shoeing horses, and many people who seem to have ideas that claim to be original have gone into print in various writings, intended, of course, we will say, to give gratuitous information as to the outcome of their long experience, with a view to the many beneficial results that may be obtained by the animal and his owner also, the latter more particularly in a pecuniary sense, says Boylston Hall, the well-known expert.

In the opinion of the writer no man can correctly true and balance the foot of the horse unless he thoroughly understands the anatomy of the foot and leg, and is well acquainted with the articulation, also the action of the tendons and muscles, so that he can feel within his own brain just how their work should be done, and if it is not being correctly done feel how, by correct farriery, the feet can be so proportioned and shod that their angle to the limbs they support may make correct locomotion natural and comfortable. It is the simplest matter in the world to shoe the feet of a horse correctly. The trouble with the people who lay pretense to being expert in farriery, and the cause of their many failures is that they experiment too much. They try so many different methods, and they use so many queerly constructed shoes and other contrivances to accomplish their object, whereas, a close adherence to nature's laws would make so easy of accomplishment what they are after and furnish them the most gratifying results.

The foot of the horse is nothing but a horny box, containing but two bones, the coffin or pedal bone, the navicular bone and a portion of the smaller pastern bone. All that is necessary for correct farriery is to keep this horny box at a proper angle to the limb it supports, and consequently have it so shaped as to be also in correct proportion.

The only way to obtain a correct proportion and angle, it seems to me, is to stand the animal barefooted on a perfectly level floor, look down the leg and be sure it is in the center of the foot; then look at it from a side view and ascertain if the proportion and angle are correct as well, from that view of the limb, as regards its pose in the foot. Having by this method obtained what would seem to be the proper proportion, and the correct angle of the foot to the limb, adjust a shoe to the foot that will not interfere with but will carry out this proportion. It is easy; don't, therefore, surround the matter with so much mystery, for if you do you will find yourself "all at sea," and the proportion you have so accurately obtained will be lost to you by the adjustment of some ridiculously constructed shoe that will throw your leg all out of angles, and strained joints, tendons and muscles must result.

READING HORSE CHARACTER.

Many persons in forming opinions as to the character of a horse regard the eye as the feature above all others which tells the tale, but our investigation of the subject has led us to somewhat different conclusions, and experience with these animals has caused us not to place too much reliance upon its expression in deciding as to its vicious traits or docility. Notwithstanding that the examination of the eye is almost an inborn habit in judging the character of the creature, yet it seems that this particular feature is often over-estimated.

We have known persons to condemn horses on account of the appearance of their eyes, saying: "I never feel safe with a horse which is always turning the whites of his eyes at me," but closer inspection would have shown the ivory white to be the result of absence of the coloring matter in a part which is usually of a darkened hue, and was really the natural condition of things rather than a vicious habit. This deviation from the ordinary course of nature produces a variety sometimes called "watch eye," occasionally confused, however, with another kind called "wall eye;" and here it may not be out of place to explain the difference between these two peculiar conditions.

The former appears as if illuminated by the contrast of the ivory white surrounding that part of the eye frequently called the sight, which in its turn may be almost black. This somewhat singular arrangement of things gives the organ the appearance of being ever on the outlook, watching, as it were. Some horses have both eyes constructed on the watch-eye plan, and it gives the animal a rather wild expression when in point of fact it may be a very docile creature.

The wall eye, on the other hand, is a condition due to the absence of coloring matter, this time in the interior of the organ, giving it a bluish or steel-gray appearance which is a striking contrast to the soft brown eyes so often noticed in horses.

It must not be inferred that the eye should be entirely disregarded in forming an opinion as to the character of a horse, but it should be remembered that its expression is materially influenced by the attitude of the ear, an organ which is often lost sight of as far as being an index to the animal's character is concerned.

Our experience in judging horses has led us to regard the ear with much care, as its attitude and movements indicate quite a variety of conditions; horses whose ears are ever restless without apparent cause are frequently ultra-nervous creatures, well worth watching. Again, the restless ear will sometimes point to defective eyesight, which may be accompanied with partial or total loss of vision, while animals which throw them closely back upon the poll are often inclined to nip or bite. Indeed, this very attitude is frequently a signal for combat.

On the other hand, horses whose ears are nearly kept in the same position most of the time are more than likely to be dull, stupid creatures, if they are not totally deaf. Deafness in horses is not at all a common thing, though we occasionally meet with cases in which the animal's attention cannot be attracted by sound.

The ear of the horse is not only a partial index to the animal's character as far as vice and docility are concerned, but its movements will at times sound the keynote of danger or warn us to be on the alert. In this connection a somewhat remarkable incident was related to the writer a few years ago by one of the Union soldiers who escaped through the famous hole of Libby prison, but was afterwards retaken. The officer who recaptured the man subsequently informed him that his proximity was first revealed by the ears of his (the officer's) charger.

The story, in brief, was that the escaping soldier and a messmate were concealed in a wood. One night they were closely pursued by the southern officer and his men, and while stealing away from them as cautiously as they could, the crackling of the dry leaves attracted the attention of the captain's horse, which somewhat suddenly and without apparent reason pricked its ears and seemed alarmed. The officer, taking the hint, ordered his troopers to surround the spot, and by the morning he had the two fugitives closely corraled.

Another feature which is regarded by many as an index to the character of a horse is the color of its coat, some believing that chestnuts or sorrels are likely to be high-strung, nervous creatures, while gray horses often get the credit of being very docile, but our investigation along this line has led us to believe that there is no reliance whatever to be placed upon such a theory. It is also contended that color has much to do with the comfort of the animal when exposed to the sun's rays, especially in the summer season, but our observations have not demonstrated the truth of this supposition, as it has been clearly shown time and again that dark horses are able to do just as much work without showing fatigue as those of a lighter color. This may be accounted for by the fact that the coat is a non-conductor within certain limits, so that it probably makes little difference what color it is as far as the temperature of the parts beneath are concerned.

In studying the character of a horse, it may be well not to jump at conclusions, but observe its habits carefully, and give every link due consideration before coming to a final conclusion.—*Prof. E. A. A. Grange, in New York Times.*

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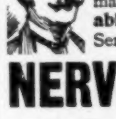

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JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1900.

$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.

THE FAMILY AND HOME NEWSPAPER OF MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, $2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Franklin county.

Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in Cumberland county.

Mr. M. E. Hewitt is calling on subscribers in Washington county.

Sample Copy sent on application.

Try the Maine Farmer for one month.

For the Maine Farmer.

OLD HOME WEEK.

"Go far and wide," said "Mother Maine,"
"And call my children home
From East to West and North and South,
It's strange how far they roam.
I fear I cannot make them hear,
My voice will never reach—
Ten thousand invitation cards
Would not be one for each.

"It is many a year they've been away
And I've not teased or vexed,
But now I bid them to return
And they must pay their best respects.
As they grow older I would see
If they look like their dad or me.

"There's things I wish to know about
And questions, as I said before,
I have to ask of them myself,
Of things by which I set much store.
Do they remember? Yes, no doubt,
The tea that brought the measles out?
There's lots of questions like this 'ere
Which will not wait another year.

"So give the horn a vigorous blow,
Draw in your breath and swell your cheek,
'Twill take a blast to reach them all
And call them in for Old Home Week.
But sons and daughters of my own
Are dutiful and sure to come.

"I seem to see them scramble round
To find their bonnets, hats and coats,
And looking up their homeward routes
On eastern trains and tooting boats
From every land and every clime.
Come home! Come home each child of mine.

"Yes, if the call shall reach them all,
Tho' scattered far and wide,
From foreign lands and desert sands
They'll hasten to my side—
Fortunes which they went to seek
Will seem as naught to Old Home Week.

"O happy thought, dear 'Old Home Week,'
To every heart the name will speak—
There's inspiration in the name
Suggestive of life's morning hours
When children roaming through the fields
Care free as birds and flowers,
The sad note in the sweet refrain
Is, childhood cannot come again.

"At 'Old Home Week' each leafy glade,
Each tall dark pine on every hill
Shall offer comfort, rest and shade
From dusty town, life's grinding mill.
Let all unite to make this week
The pleasure time for which we seek.

From blue salt bays along the coast
Shall ocean breezes blow,
To breathe in whispers through the pines
A cadence soft and low,
A tonic for tired heart and brain,
To help them brave the world again.

"Dear, brave, dark pines your vigils keep
And watch each year for Old Home Week.
In other states and other lands
No emblem like our own.
Let Maine bred sons and daughters cheer
The *tassel and the cone*. B. N. G.

The State Fair trustees have decided upon novel evening attractions on the grounds at Lewiston during the next great State fair. The entire grounds will be lighted by electricity, and the people of Maine are assured an entertainment beyond anything ever seen in the State.

The attitude of the Powers in China reminds one irresistibly of a cat fight, where the cats sit and glower and spit at one another, each one afraid to make the first jump for fear that the others will pounce on him. In this case one of the cats is a bear, and a bear with a large appetite and a digestion like a goat, prepared to eat anything from Turkey to China.

What a wonderful change might be brought about in social conditions if all millionaires were like Miss Helen Gould, whom all classes delight to honor! Her wealth is freely given in response to appeals from rich or poor, for educational, philanthropic, or religious objects, and with the money she gives something yet more valuable, her intelligent interest and sympathy. No happier or more successful life can be conceived than hers, spent in ministering to the world's needs. But how Jay Gould would turn in his grave if he could know how his money is going—he who never gave a dollar to charity in all his stingy life!

The visit of the delegates representing the labor organizations of England, bringing a subscription to aid in the erection of a "Ruskin Hall" in St. Louis by the labor unions of this country, has in it an element of grim humor. Those wild beasts who have been maltreating and insulting women and children in St. Louis hardly seem like the kind of people to appreciate the great English sociologist, John Ruskin, or to feel particularly interested in a monument to his memory. It seems a trifle like casting pearls before swine. Ruskin, with his lofty altruistic ideas, his profound respect for woman, his deep veneration for the good, the true, and the beautiful, would have condemned in the strongest terms the outrages and bloody folly of such unworthy representatives of the laboring class as the St. Louis strikers.

These June days which are passing so rapidly ought to be enjoyed to their utmost, for they are the fairest and brightest of the year, and will be gone all too soon to give place to the sultry heat of dog days. No one has a better opportunity to appreciate and admire their beauty than the farmer, who spends his waking hours in the constant companionship of nature. True, the farmer's life is full of work, hard work; but who would not rather toil under the blue sky, surrounded by all the unstained glories of summer, than beneath the roof of a factory, dazed by the whir of wheels and blinded by dust and dirt, or shut within the four walls of a dingy office? The farmer, like Antaeus, gains new strength from contact with mother earth, and finds each day, if he has eyes to see, "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones."

The Grout Bill, which has attracted so much attention in Congress, and has been three times considered by the President and his cabinet, will be voted upon December 6 by the House of Representatives, three days after the assembling of Congress for the short session. This bill provides for an increase of the tax on oleomargarine colored to resemble butter, from two to ten cents per pound. Such oleomargarine cannot be lawfully sold in thirty-two leading states, but 62,000,000 pounds were illegally sold therein last year, hence the demand for national legislation. The bill reduces the tax on that oleomargarine made in its natural white color, from two cents to one-fourth cent per pound, so the workingman may have the mixture if he wants it, and does not need to take it if he doesn't. Over 200 of the 356 Congressmen are said to favor the passage of the bill.

The state of Missouri and the city of St. Louis are furnishing to the country at large just now a remarkable spectacle of utter incompetency in their rulers The Governor of the state, so rumor has it, declines to call out the militia and help St. Louis, because he has a political grudge against that city. Truly a large-minded and patriotic citizen this must be! The state of Missouri is in a deplorable condition if it contains no man more worthy of the seat of chief magistrate than this petty tyrant. The mayor of St. Louis, fearful of having his official head cut off at the next election, keeps discreetly in the background, and does his best to become what Emerson calls "a mush of concession." Meanwhile a reign of terror exists in the city, which is in the hands of a mob of wild beasts in human form. Women are terrorized and abused, innocent children beaten, trade brought to a standstill, property destroyed, all property owners in a state of alarm, a great corporation suffering a daily loss of thousands of dollars. Why? Because the working men cannot rule their employers. Capital may be autocratic, but labor is not less so. The whole ground of the strike seems to an outsider so foolish and trivial that any sympathy for the labor unions engaged in it is impossible. They may win their cause by brute force, but can never have the support of public sentiment as long as they persist in such lawless and atrocious conduct, for which they have had small provocation or excuse.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

As we go to press the first great National Convention is being held in Philadelphia, with the interest centering entirely in the nomination for Vice President. That President McKinley is to be renominated is so certain that no one gives that a second thought. Differences among the controlling factions have brought out number of candidates but the only two who are seriously considered are Hon. J. D. Long of Massachusetts (a Maine boy) and Governor Teddy Roosevelt of New York. The enthusiasm manifesting itself for this Rough Rider would doubtless sweep all before it but for the firm position taken by the gentleman himself who desires to remain in state politics. New England delegates are loyal to Secretary Long and will stand by him to the last. At the opening of the convention Tuesday Senator Hanna faced 15,000 people and great enthusiasm prevailed. Senator Wolcott of Colorado was made temporary chairman, and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts will preside over the convention. The delegation from Maine is composed of representative men but is not as large.

THE BIRDS.

The bulletin just issued by the Board of Agriculture entitled "The Farmer's Bird Friends," is of unusual interest and value. The birds of Maine are fully described, with cuts of some of the species, and their help to the farmers in his fight against insects clearly depicted. The opinions of farmers and fruit growers all over the state in regard to the destruction of birds have been obtained, and their verdict is unanimous in behalf of our feathered friends. All seem to agree that the press has great influence in the matter, and should at every opportunity advocate the cause of the birds.

The June number of the *Maine Central* is on our desk, and is fully up to its usual standard of quality. The cover cut represents Admiral Sampson and officers attending the reception at the Club House, Bar Harbor. The leading article is descriptive of Canadian cities and resorts, and is illustrated with half tones of St. John, Fredericton, Halifax and their surroundings.

The editor would acknowledge with thanks an invitation to be present at the anniversary exercises at New Sweden, Monday, and very much regrets that illness of the working force of the office will prevent his joining in the happy exercises and extending a hearty God speed to this growing colony of sturdy, intelligent, devoted sons of Maine.

Will You Help Us?

WHILE the subscription list of the MAINE FARMER has been steadily growing all these months, the publishers earnestly desire the coöperation of their friends everywhere in adding 5,000 names before July 1, and with that in view offer to send

The Farmer weekly until Jan. 1, 1901, for only 50 cents.

For this small sum you can have the home, family, grange, agricultural and poultry paper suited to the needs of New England. No effort will be spared to add to the interest or value of these columns. Will you not help us by adding one name to the long list of subscribers? Only 50 cents to January 1, 1901.

MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Dairy Meeting at Skowhegan.

The two days' meeting for demonstrative dairy work held at Skowhegan was successfully carried through. The severe rain of Thursday prevented many people from attending; notwithstanding this there was a fair audience of representative dairymen present, every one of whom came to the meeting for the purpose of learning and for an interchange of ideas. The morning of Thursday was devoted to setting up the machinery and separating the milk for churning. Two separators were run, and 15 gallons of milk from nearby dairymen were separated and the cream placed at the proper temperature for ripening. Prof. Gowell explained in detail the process of ripening by the use of artificial starters. Secretary McKeen was kept busy with the testing of samples of milk, about 140 of which were tested during the session. Prof. Gowell spoke in the afternoon, demonstrating further the practical work of dairying, and in the evening Mrs. F. E. S. Taylor of Fairfield Center gave an interesting lecture on "Domestic Science." This lecture brought out quite an amount of discussion and questions, in which all were deeply interested.

In the morning of Friday the churning of the cream was begun. It had been divided into two lots, one of which had been thoroughly pasteurized. After the butter had been churned and printed by Mr. Percy Lowell, from the farm of the University of Maine at Orono, it was submitted to the audience for inspection. There was a manifest difference in the quality of the butter from the pasteurized and unpasteurized cream. While both were pronounced first class, that from the pasteurized cream had a much better appearance, with better grain and flavor. It was considered quite remarkable that butter of such flavor and general appearance could be secured at a public meeting. It could, of course, only be done by a strict observance of all of the rules governing such work.

The milk was weighed and a sample taken for testing. The butter was carefully weighed and comparisons made between the result as obtained from the churn and the tester, and it was found that they were practically alike, there being no appreciable difference in the amount of butter obtained and that called for by the tests. The test of the skimmed milk from the separators showed very clean work. Some of the tests of skim milk from deep can setting showed quite a large amount of fat, and the necessity for the use of the siphon in skimming. The sample drawn without the use of the siphon tested five-tenths of one per cent. of fat, and the other two-tenths.

In the afternoon Prof. Gowell again addressed the audience along dairy matters, and devoted most of the time to the consideration of the Maine bred Jersey.

AUGUSTA RACES, JULY 4.

Things are rushing at the Augusta Track this week. Tuesday the dirt was warmed all the time, Peter Corron's roan mare, Everett Stone's big black trotter Fanny W, Suzelle, 28¼, Hal. G., Sir Roger, and a few others, were given repeats, and all acted well. The trainers go their fast miles Tuesday and Friday afternoons. We had quite an audience, and there seems to be a lot of interest shown; in fact, we are bound to have a very successful season. The track itself is in splendid shape.

We have nine boarders at my stable, and more coming. Hal Rhea, 2.17¼, is the fastest; he should be a good horse in his class this season. He has been well patronized in the stud. This horse is without doubt the best bred pacing stallion in the state, as well as being plenty fast enough. My Pacer, Tom Nolan, is working satisfactorily. H. R. Lishness's two Haley colts are showing up well. Our July 4th meeting is coming on all right. With good weather the crowd will get value received. I have three good teams ready for market. Good judges call them good horses; 1,150, 1,100 and 920 weight. LEE.

The following speed classes have been arranged for the South Kennebec Fair at South Windsor, Sept. 18-20; 2.45 class, $100; 2.37 class, $100; 2.30 class, $100; 2.25 class, $100; 2.21 class, $150. Special classes for lady drivers, for green horses driven by owners, and for 2-year-old colts. Entries close Sept. 7.

The *Farmer* has received from the State Board of Agriculture a number of copies of its interesting and valuable report lately issued, for the benefit of our subscribers. Copies may be obtained by calling at the office.

INSTITUTES IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Programmes are now completed for a series of institutes to be held in Washington county next week, and are as follows:

Town Hall, Princeton, Monday, June 25—10.30 A. M., "The Soil and its Management," by Sec. B. W. McKeen; 1.30 P. M., "Drainage and Tillage," by Prof. G. M. Gowell of Orono; 7.30 P. M., Congregational Church, "The Profession of Agriculture," by Chas. W. Burkett, Professor of Agriculture at New Hampshire Agricultural College, Durham, N. H.

Commercial Hall, Pembroke, Monday evening, June 25—Lecture by Sec. B. W. McKeen on "The Soil and its Management."

Grange Hall, Perry, Tuesday, June 26—10.30 A. M., "Drainage and Tillage," by Prof. G. M. Gowell of Orono; 1.30 P. M., "The Care and Management of Live Stock," by Sec. B. W. McKeen; 7.30 P. M., "The Profession of Agriculture," by Prof. Chas. W. Burkett.

Grange Hall, Charlotte, Wennesday, June 27—Same programme as at Perry.

School House, Roque Bluffs, Thursday, June 28—10.30 A. M., "Live Stock the Basis of Agriculture," by Sec. B. W. McKeen; 1.30 P. M., "Drainage and Tillage," by Prof. G. M. Gowell.

Grand Army Hall, Machias, Thursday evening, June 28—Lecture on "The Profession of Agriculture," by Prof. Chas. W. Burkett.

M. E. Church, Columbia Falls, Thursday evening, June 28—Lecture on "Modern Farm Methods," by Sec. B. W. McKeen.

Westcogus Hall, Addison, Friday, June 29—10.30 A. M., "The Cultivation of the Soil," by Prof. Chas. W. Burkett; 1.30 P. M., "Breeding for Beef and the Dairy," by Prof. G. M. Gowell; 7.30 P. M., "Modern Farm Methods," by Sec. B. W. McKeen.

Grange Hall, Cherryfield, Friday evening, June 29—Lecture on "The Profession of Agriculture," by Prof. Chas. W. Burkett.

Noyes' Hall, Steuben, Saturday, June 30—10.30 A. M., "The Best Crops for Washington County," with remarks on spraying, by Sec. B. W. McKeen; 1.30 P. M., "The Best Sheep for Washington County," by Prof. G. M. Gowell, with discussion on general agricultural matters; 7.30 P. M., "The Profession of Agriculture," by Prof. Chas. W. Burkett.

The Babcock milk tester will be operated at all the day meetings, and all are invited to bring samples of cream, milk, skim milk or buttermilk for testing. There will be picnic dinners.

B. W. McKEEN, *Sec.*

Augusta, June 18, 1900.

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS.

The annual examination of teachers for state certificates and of candidates for admission to Normal schools will occur Friday, August 24, 1900.

The places at which examinations will be held, will be so arranged, as far as practicable, that every teacher taking the examination can leave home in the morning, take the examination in full, and return the evening of the same day. Public announcement of the places selected will be made in due season, and special notice thereof will be sent to all persons registering before August 10.

The subjects in which candidates for state certificates will be examined are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, U. S. History, Physiology and Hygiene, Elementary Science or Nature Studies, Civil Government, Theory and Practice of Teaching, and School Law. Candidates for admission to Normal schools will be examined in Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, U. S. History, Physiology and Hygiene, and Algebra, through Simple Equations.

The certificates issued will be of four grades and of four periods of duration. Grade of certificate will be based on rank in examination, on facts stated in the Preliminary Examination report which must be filed in this department before August 10 by every teacher taking the examination, and on statements submitted by such persons as teachers give for references. Duration of certificates will be determined by actual teaching experience, minimum rank in examination, and certain facts given in the Preliminary Examination reports. The highest grade will authorize the holder to teach in any Free High or other public school for which employed; the other grades, to teach in any common school for which employed. Duration of certificates will be for life, or for five years, three years, or one year.

BOOKS FOR THE FARM.

MODERN HOUSE PLANS FOR EVERYBODY.—For village and country residences, costing from $250 to $8000, including full descriptions and estimates in detail of materials, labor, cost, and many practical suggestions. By S. B. Reed, architect. Illustrated, 12mo, pp 243. The Orange Judd company. Price, postpaid, $1. Send to *Maine Farmer* for copy.

From its first appearance, House Plans for Everybody has occupied the first rank among architectural books. The plans comprise almost every variety of arrangement and style; each one is accompanied by a detailed description of its convenience and construction; and its cost is shown by careful estimates, made to correspond with a uniform standard of prices at present rates. So carefully have the standard features of home building been considered in the original edition that there was but little need to change the text, or floor plans. In the matter of outward dress, however, nearly all the elevations have been redrawn, with special regard to modern ideas and tastes and in this respect it is especially new and commendable. To builders this work will be valuable as a hand-book of reference, and to those who intend to build a home it will prove invaluable.

HEMP.—While farmers of Maine do not grow hemp it is one of the crops not to be lost sight of and the *Farmer* is pleased to receive a practical treatise on the culture of hemp for seed and fiber, with a sketch of the history and nature of the hemp plant, by S. S. Boyce. Illustrated, 12mo, pp 122, cloth. Orange Judd company, New York. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

For the land's sake—use Bowker's fertilizers. They enrich the earth.

STATE FAIR STAKE RACES.

List of Entries in the Stake Events of the Maine State Agricultural Society to be Competed for Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1900, at Lewiston, Maine

These entries are published only in the classes in which the nominator elects. None are carried forward from slower to faster classes as is usually the custom. After the third payment in these stakes, all horses wishing to compete in two classes will be published in both.

List of Entries in Stake Events.

NO. 1—TROTTING FOALS OF 1896, PURSE $300.

C. H. Nelson, Waterville, Catlin, bl c, by Wilkes: Same, S. A. Brown, b c, by Nelson; A. M. Newbert, Rockland; H. F. Beck, Calais, Kyrie, by Kremlin; Martin Jewell, Morrison's Cor., Summit, by Nelson; R. W. Dunland, Lynn, Mass., Bryant Wilkes, bl g, by Tarratine; W. D. Haley, So. Gardiner, Easter; W. P. Martin, Pittsfield, Hepsebeth, b m, by Wilkes; I. W. Pottle, Kingfield, I. W. P., b s, Wilkes

NO. 2—TROTTING FOALS OF 1897, PURSE $300.

C. W. Day, Skowhegan, Vivian Wilkes, ch m, by Hal Wilkes; T. G. Burleigh, Vassalboro, Peter Croix, b s, by St. Croix; C. H. Nelson, Waterville, Swift, b c, by Wilkes; Same, Waterville; W. H. Pike, Calais, Jaunty, b; Riverside Park, Livermore Falls, Barronella Russell, by Baron Wilkes; Same, Livermore Falls, Eliska, br f, by Arion; A. J. Libby, Gardiner, Retainer, b g, by Rescue; J. M. Johnson, Calais, Lebena, bl m, by Allerton; E. H. Greeley, Ellsworth, Colombo.

NO. 3—2.40 TROT, PURSE $400.

E H Greeley, Ellsworth; W P Martin, Pittsfield; F H Wiggin, Lewiston; C H Nelson, Waterville; W N Gilbert, Medford, Mass; Same, Medford, Mass.; Josiah Jameson, Princeton; H F Beck, Calais.

NO. 6—2.34. PACE. PURSE $400.

R F Parker, Skowhegan; W G Morrill, Pittsfield; J A Treat, White's Corner; Riverside Park, Livermore Falls; same; E H Greeley, Ellsworth; W P Martin, Pittsfield; Dyer's Grocery, Milbridge; R F Jaynes, Waterville, A M Newbert, Rockland; W N Gilbert, Medford, Mass; same; Wm Gregg, Andover; I W Pottle, Kingfield; A M Garcelon, Lewiston.

NO 7—2.24. PACE. PURSE $400.

C A Studley, Portland; Riverside Park, Livermore Falls; same; R F Parker, Showhegan; W G Morrill, Pittsfield; Geo Bonnallie, Lewiston; J H Manter, Guilford; Wm Gregg, Andover; Josiah Jameson, Princeton; N G Foss, Cornish; H U Romer, No Anson.

NO 8—2.19. PACE. PURSE $400.

C A Studley, Portland; A E Russell, Auburn; F H Wiggin, Lewiston; W G Morrill, Pittsfield; Wm Woodard, Foxboro, Mass; J H Manter, Guilford; A R Morgan, Calais; N C Crawford, W Rockport; Josiah Jameson, Princeton; N J Foss, Cornish.

RACES AT KINGFIELD, SATURDAY.

2.29 CLASS.			
Joe Knowles, Eustis, Old Dan, b h	5	4	3
L A Worthley, Avon, Angie Wilkes, b m	1	1	1
A D Horn, Farmington, Dewey, b h	3	3	4
W D McGregor, East Corinth, Susie S, ch m	4	5	5
Cleveland, Skowhegan, Keel Croix, b h	2	2	1
GREEN HORSE RACE.			
G M Vose, Kingfield, Dictator, b h	3	4	4
S J Wyman, Kingfield, Jennie Wilkes, ch m	2	3	3
A D Horn, Farmington, Don ch h	1	1	1
Marshall Thompson, Kingfield, Rouser b h	4	2	2

Judges were Messrs. Bates, Williams and Dodge. Starter, Walter Jones of Strong.

A special examination of candidates for admission to the State Normal Schools, will be held Friday, August 10, 1900, at places hereafter to be announced. Candidates must register on or before August 1, by sending to the State Superintendent their names, addresses and the name of the school which they intend to enter. To all who register will be sent in due season notices of the examination and of the regulations governing it.

Candidates will be examined in reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, physiology and hygiene, and algebra through simple equations.

City News.

—We note with pleasure that Arthur Huntington Nason of this city, who has for the past year so ably filled the chair of English literature at Kent's Hill, has been invited to retain the position another year with increased salary. He will pass the vacation at the Harvard Summer School, perfecting himself in his chosen field.

—The mayor and aldermen, at the meeting Saturday night, passed the order giving the Augusta-Togus electric road the location desired for its tracks, making it optional whether they shall go through Stone or Middle streets to Hospital. The order provides that the permit is void unless the road is constructed and in operation within six months.

—N. R. Winslow, a well-known citizen of Randolph, died very suddenly in this city, Friday forenoon. While walking up Cony street, he stopped suddenly in front of Brown & Hopkins' marble works, and stepping in, sat down on a block of granite. Almost immediately he fell forward on the floor. Medical aid was summoned, but death had been instantaneous, heart failure being the cause. Mr. Winslow was for many years a leading farmer in Chelsea, and prominent in town affairs.

County News.

—The stockholders of the Kennebec Central R. R. have decided to take an appeal from the decision of the R. R.

—The Johnson House, Gardiner, was closed Friday evening, the failing health of the proprietor, L. P. Huntoon being the cause.

LITCHFIELD PLAINS. Mr. Frank Williams and son from New York, spent a week in town with friends.—The revival meetings at the Plains Church will continue another week.

—The new rural free delivery mail route through West Gardiner and Litchfield is working in the most satisfactory manner. The route is 23 miles in length, and about 200 families receive the benefit of the delivery and appreciate it as well.

—Winn Hemmilin, an employè of the Hollingsworth and Whitney Co. in Waterville, was badly injured Saturday afternoon while cleaning one of the presses. He is badly lacerated and bruised, and internal injuries are feared.

—Henry Abbott, son of Dr. Abbott of Waterville, while shooting with some friends up the Messalonskee, received a bad bullet wound in the leg from the accidental discharge of a revolver. The ball entered the left leg just above the knee and could not be found at last accounts.

—The Bloomingsburgh Club of Monmouth dedicated its new house Wednesday evening. The house is situated on the east shore of Lake Cochnewagan, surrounded by a beautiful grove, and will be let to outside parties. A floating wharf, boats, tables for picknickers, and other improvements, will soon be added.

commissioners which granted a permit to the Augusta-Togus Electric R. R., to the supreme judicial court. This appeal vacates the decision of the railroad commissioners. The promoters of the Augusta-Togus road state that they will go ahead with its construction just the same.

—Misses Vira and Lizzie Jones, who are employed at the Hollingsworth & Whitney paper mill in Gardiner, met with quite a serious accident Saturday morning. They stepped on the elevator to go down to their work from the dressing room, and the belt being thrown off, the rope broke and the elevator fell with them 25 feet to the floor below. One of them suffered a fracture of the left arm and a dislocated wrist; the other a bad cut on the head.

SIDNEY. Miss Carrie Goodhue arrived home last week from Foxboro, Mass., for her summer vacation.—Mr. John Lewis of Mass., has bought the farm formerly owned by Alonzo Davis and moved his family there.—Mrs. Allen Hallett is with her daughter, Mrs. Ella Wellman, in Augusta.—J. B. Sawtelle has purchased a fine little row boat.—Clinton Goodhue is in Hingham, Mass., working for his uncle, C. R. Goodhue.—Mrs. Maud Geroux of Waterville, visited her sister, Mrs. W. B. Manter, last week.—Laforest Ellis has leased a house lot on the shore of the lake to parties in Waterville, on which they will erect a cottage.—Children's Day will be observed at the M. E. Church, Sunday morning, June 24th.—D. L. Sawtelle has sold one of his valuable horses to a gentleman from Detroit, Mich.—Selden Farnham went to Boston and vicinity, Thursday, on a visit to relatives and friends.—Miss Lillian Cowan is in Hingham, Mass., with her aunt, Mrs. C. R. Goodhue.

ROME. Rev. Horace Warren of Oakland, baptized eight recently.—Mr. York of New Sharon, has organized a Sabbath School at Rome town house.—Mrs. Lovina Blaisdell is sick with lung trouble. Dr. Makepeace of New Sharon, is attending her.—David Watson is very feeble.—Mrs. Walter Perkins is gaining slowly.—Mr. Tibbetts and wife of Augusta, have been in town calling on friends.—Mr. W. A. Knights of Brockton, Mass., is in town.—Emma Morrill has gone to Belgrade Mills to work in the "Belgrade."—Most of the farmers have disposed of their wood at 22 cents.—Grass is looking finely. The apple trees have blossomed well with but very few caterpillars on the trees.—The teacher in district No. 4, Clair Yeaton, has gone to Mass. to teach. John Dyer of East New Sharon, will finish the term of school.—Mr. Farnham and wife of Larone have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Will Blaisdell.—Mrs. Mason Tracy has gone to Mt. Vernon to work for Mr. Towle.—Mr. Frank Tracy has taken the contract to supply fish bait for the hotels at Belgrade Mills this summer.—Mrs. Leonard Blaisdell and Mrs. George LeBaron have been visiting in Mt. Vernon.—Ella Phillips of Waldoboro, will spend the summer with her uncle, Chas. Blaisdell.—A horse belonging to Ed. Farnham became frightened by the road machine which was left beside the road, cleared himself from the wagon and ran away Monday night.

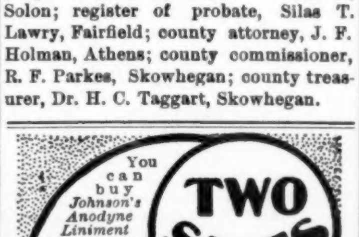
POLITICAL.

—The following candidates for the Democratic county ticket were nominated, by acclamation at the Convention at Skowhegan Tuesday: Senator from the eastern district, A. W. Miller, Hartland; senator from western district, W. B. Clark, North New Portland; sheriff, C. E. Veasie, Norridgewock; clerk of courts, Frank L. Ames, Norridgewock; judge of probate, Hon. C. McIntire, Solon; register of probate, Silas T. Lawry, Fairfield; county attorney, J. F. Holman, Athens; county commissioner, R. F. Parkes, Skowhegan; county treasurer, Dr. H. C. Taggart, Skowhegan.

You can buy Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in two size bottles, 25 cts. and 50 cents. The latter is more economical, containing 3 of the former. For 90 years

TWO SIZES

JOHNSON'S
Anodyne Liniment
has been the favorite household remedy for inflammation in all forms.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
Boston, Mass.



NO NEED BEING RATTY,

MOORE'S ✦ RAT ✦ DESTROYER,

The Most Startling Discovery of Modern Times.

Non-poisonous. No odor from dead rats. Will destroy rats in five days. Cats will not eat it. The process is simple, yet at the same time rather novel. The rat eats the Destroyer and the Destroyer in turn consumes the rat. It corrodes his entire system He gradually fades away until at the end of the fifth day only a little pile of dust remains of the once active rodent. We are now able to offer it to a long suffering public at 25 cts. per package. For Water Bugs and Roaches use Moore's Roach Destroyer. Non-poisonous Guaranteed to do the work or money refunded. Ask your dealer for it.

Manufactured by
C. A. MOORE & CO.,
Worcester, Mass.

YOU WANT

the very best WHITE LEAD when you paint. There can be none better made than

Burgess, Fobes & Co. Pure White Lead.

EVERY OUNCE WARRANTED PURE.
OLD DUTCH CORROSION.
GROUND IN PURE LINSEED OIL.
Your dealer has it or will order it.
BURGESS, FOBES & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

"Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining."

The clouds of bad blood enveloping humanity have a silver lining in the shape of a specific to remove them. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, which drives out all impurities from the blood, of either sex or any age.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

IF You would know
The Whole Truth,
Read between the lines.

When
BILIOUS,
DYSPEPTIC,
NERVOUS or
CONSTIPATED,
there is one
certain cure,
The True
"L.F." Atwood's
Bitters.

See that you get
the "L. F." kind.

Homes for the Summer

COBBOSSEE FARM, East Winthrop, Me. On Lake Cobbosseecontee. Best fishing in Maine. Delightful spot for summer home. Railroad station 4 miles. House newly rebuilt. Broad veranda. Beautiful scenery, good roads, pleasant drives. Terms, $6.00.

A FEW SUMMER BOARDERS DESired. Farm; good location, large house and pleasant rooms. Write for terms. Address, G. H. YORK, White's Corner, Me. 34

SHADELAND FARM, Rockport, Maine. Prettily situated on high hill overlooking the ocean; pleasant drives, good roads, fine shade. Terms $6 per week. MRS. FRED D. PRIEST.

FEW BOARDERS DESIRED on farm. High elevation, good fishing; station 3 miles, postoffice ¼ mile; board $5. V. H. YEATON, West Poland, Me. 34

PLEASANT RIDGE FARM, Webster, Me. High elevation, pleasant location, fine view of mountains and country; good fishing and drives; station 3 miles; board, $5 and $6. Address Box 11, Sabattus, Me. 31

HILLSIDE FRUIT FARM, Newport, Me. One mile from station. High elevation; beautiful view; choice fishing; $6 per week.

FALL BROOK FARM, Bingham, Me. 6 miles from railroad station; good fishing and hunting; board reasonable, in private family. A. N. CLARK, P. O. Address, Solon, Me. 32

GOULD'S FARM, North Bridgton, Me. Quiet resting place; ¾ mile to railroad station and steamboat landing; board, $5. 32

A PLAIN FARMER would like a few summer boarders. Write for terms. Address S. M. POWERS, Sunset, Me. 4t32

LAKESIDE FARM, Winthrop, Maine. Mrs. J. R. Sylvester. Within five minutes' walk from Lake Maranocook. 32

ELMWOOD FARM, Cornish, Maine. High and choice location; good fishing and hunting; railroad station 2 miles; board $5.

FARM NEAR WELLS BEACH. Fine location; full view of ocean; 1 mile from railroad station; Box 48, Wells, Maine. 32

A FEW BOARDERS desired for the season. Private family, farm, fine location, near seashore; pleasant drives. MRS. DUDLEY L. SELLERS, Sunset, Me. 4t31

ORCHARD FARM, No. Brooklin, Me. Pleasantly located on Blue Hill Bay. Pleasant drives; boating excellent; terms reasonable; steamboat landing, 1 mile. C. S. HAMILTON.

HILLSIDE FARM, Readfield Depot, Me. Situation high; pleasant drives; good board; home comforts; $5 and $6 per week. 30

MAPLE FARM, Windsor, Me. Good location, large house; good fishing and hunting; board per week, $5. For particulars inquire of E. L., Box 105, Cooper's Mills, Me.

FERNDALE FARM, East Union, Me. On Alford lake; salmon, perch and trout; fine scenery; railroad station, 2½ miles; board, $6. 30

A FEW BOARDERS DESIRED for the season; private family; farm, fine location; good lawn, delightful shade, pleasant drives. Address Box 67, Limerick, Me. 31

HIGHLAND FARM, Norway, Maine. Daily mails, high elevation, fine view, choice fishing, good rooms; terms, $5 and $6.

RIVERSIDE FARM, Sheepscot, Me. Fine location, between two rivers; large house; half a mile from village; board, $5.

STEADMAN FARM, Centre Sidney, Me. Pleasant location. Augusta station. Reasonable terms. Beautiful drives. Best of fishing.

HARDING FARM, South Union, Me. Quarter mile from station; finest location in Maine; two ponds, good fishing; terms, $6 per week. 8t29

BAY VIEW COTTAGE, Yarmouth, Me. Fine location; large rooms; good boating and bathing; board, per week, $7. J. M. Bucknam.

WHITE MOUNTAIN VIEW FARM, Paris Hill, Me. Beautiful view, fine drives, spring water. For terms inquire of proprietor, J. L. Chase, Paris Hill, Oxford Co., Me.

TOWNSEND HILL FARM, Lakewood, Me. Four miles from railroad station; high elevation; good boating and fishing; board reasonable. 29

1 CENT A WORD.

Under this heading small, undisplayed advertisements, such as "Wants," "For Sale," "Situations Wanted," etc., will be inserted for 1c. a word each week. The address will be charged as part of the advertisement, and each initial of name and combination of figures count as a word.

HAND CORN PLANTERS; few; price 90 cents; less than wholesale. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me. 2t32

MONMOUTH JERSEY HERD offers a fine solid colored bull 13 months old, ready for service; one solid colored bull 10 months old, also two heifers 10 and 16 months old; price reasonable. Write for description and pedigree LITCHFIELD & HAYNES, Monmouth, Maine. 2t34

PLOWS—A limited number. Two-horse Wheel and Cutter, $6.50 and up. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.

ORDER BUG DEATH or Eureka Fly Killer of F. L. WEBBER, Augusta, Maine. The greatest things out to kill bugs and save cattle. 34tf

WANTED—Milkman; man and wife, or either single. MAY LORING MCPHAIL, Eastport, Maine. 1t34

WANTED—Shropshire buck ready for service. When writing give age, weight and price. D. B. PERRY, Hebron Station, Me.

SCOTCH COLLIES, all ages; registered. Bred from trained sires and dams. Lots of testimonials. MAPLEMONT STOCK FARM, Albany, Vt. 33tf

PURE WHITE PEKIN DUCKS—Eggs for hatching, 50 cts. per sitting. MRS. GEO. BROWN, Box 45, Randolph, Me. 32

WANTED—Salaried representative. STATE MANAGER, Eastport, Me. 32tf

GASOLINE ENGINE, 12 horse-power Lambert; run about three months; all right. Inquire of F. I. CLARK, Journal Block, Augusta, Maine. 4t31

PRIME EGG CASE illustrated circular and price list free. Agent wanted. E. A. PRIME, Ayer Junction, Mass.

MOWERS—a few one horse, low; one Bradley for $20. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.

EGGS—Dark Brahmas, $1 per sitting. Light Brahmas, White Wyandottes, Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Plymouth Rocks, Buff Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Buff Leghorns, each 75c per sitting. J. W. RICKER, Leeds Junction, Maine. 8t27

FARMERS! Now is the time to improve your dairy herd. A. J. C. C. young stock at low price. Write at once. W. W. DAVIS, Mgr. "Mackworth Farm," East Deering, Me.

FINE-BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings. N. P. BOYER & Co., Coatesville, Pa.

SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS, $8.50 and up. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me.

"BOXAL"
Bugs,
Rust
One Remedy For Three Troubles

Professor Woods, of the Maine Exp. Station,
County, Me.: "On one farm, were fifty-two acres
(September 15), while unsprayed potatoes in the n
or three weeks. THE YIELD WILL BE NEAR
SPRAYED CROPS."
Use "BOXAL" and Save Y
Send for free catalogue "O", containing spraying
BOWKER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 4

JULY 4th IS WITH US!

Remember the AUGUSTA ..RACES..

Plan to be at home. Do not miss the best day's sport of the season. Good fields of horses, Bicycle Races, Wagon Races, Greased Pig, Good Music, and other attractions.

You Will Get Your Money's Worth.

LEE & LISHNESS.

BOSTON STEAMERS,

Kennebec Steamboat Co.

DAILY SUMMER SERVICE.

COMMENCING JUNE 14th, 1900, steamer "Della Collins" will leave Augusta daily (Sundays excepted), at 1.30 P. M., Hallowell at 2, connecting with steamers which leave Gardiner at 3.35, Richmond 4.20, and Bath at 6 o'clock for Boston.

Returning, will leave Lincoln wharf, Boston, every evening (except Sunday), at 6 o'clock, for all landings on the Kennebec river, arriving in season to connect with early morning steam and electric cars, also with early morning boat for Boothbay and the islands.

Fare between Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner and Boston one way $1.75, or $3.00 for round trip; Richmond $1.50, round trip $2.50; Bath and Popham Beach $1.25, round trip $2.00.

These steamers are staunch and in every way fitted for the safety and comfort of the passengers. Meals served on board for 50c. Staterooms are large and well furnished; price $1.00, except for a few large ones.

JAMES B. DRAKE, Pres.

ALLEN PARTRIDGE, Agent........Augusta.
C. A. COLE, Agent..............Hallowell.
J. S. RYAN, Agent..............Gardiner.

10% Monthly

Dividends guaranteed and paid first day of each month on amounts of $10 and upwards deposited with us.

Principal can be withdrawn at any time without notice.

Extra dividends from accumulated surplus.

Join now and participate in the 5 per cent extra to be paid August 1st.

Safe as a bank; no losses.

For further particulars address

New England Investment Com'y,
49 Church Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Gold Medal Prize Treatise,
Only 25 Cents.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 365 pages, with engravings. 25 cents, in paper covers; cloth, full gilt, $1.00; by mail, sealed. A book for every man, young, middle-aged, or old. A million copies sold. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best Institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cents for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health.

Crescent, Orient and Sterling Bicycles.
AT ALL PRICES.
Sherwin-Williams Mixed Paints,
OILS AND VARNISHES.
Send for color card.
Hardware, Plumbing and Piping.
Taber, Carey & Reid
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

AUGUSTA WATER COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Augusta Water Company will be holden at the company's office in Augusta, on Monday, the 16th day of July, 1900, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for the following purposes, viz.:

To receive the report of the Treasurer.

To elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

To act on any other business that may legally come before them.

J. H. MANLEY, Clerk.

Augusta, Me., June 21st, 1900.

The Bangor School of Psychology and Medical Electricity.

Send to the Bangor School of Psychology and Medical Electricity for particulars in regard to treatment of diseases and curing of habits, also instruction in Suggestive Therapeutics, Medical Electricity and Magnetic Healing. Morse-Oliver Building, Bangor, Me

WANTED.

Man for general farm work. Must be temperate and a first-class all-round man. Steady employment for the right kind.

S. W. PERKINS,
Box 55, West Kennebunk, Me.

PARIS GREEN, BLUE VITRIOL, FRESH INSECT POWDER, HELLEBORE and all best Insecticides can be found at CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE'S Old Reliable Drug Store, opp. Post Office, Augusta.

CAPABLE WOMAN WANTED for a permanent position. $60.00 per month and all expenses. Experience unnecessary. CLARK & Co., 234 S. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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"Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining."

The clouds of bad blood enveloping humanity have a silver lining in the shape of a specific to remove them. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, which drives out all impurities from the blood, of either sex or any age.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

IF You would know
The Whole Truth,
Read between the lines.

When BILIOUS, DYSPEPTIC, NERVOUS or CONSTIPATED, there is one certain cure, The True "L.F." Atwood's Bitters.

See that you get the "L. F." kind.

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COBBOSSEE FARM, East Winthrop, Me. On Lake Cobbosseecontee. Best fishing n Maine. Delightful spot for summer home. Railroad station 4 miles. House newly re-uilt. Broad veranda. Beautiful scenery, ood roads, pleasant drives. Terms, $6.00.

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PLAIN FARMER would like a few mmer boarders. Write for terms. Address M. Powers, Sunset, Me. 4t32

AKESIDE FARM, Winthrop, Maine. rs. J. R. Sylvester. Within five minutes' alk from Lake Maranocook. 32

LMWOOD FARM, Cornish, Maine. igh and choice location; good fishing and unting; railroad station 2 miles; board $5.

ARM NEAR WELLS BEACH. Fine cation; full view of ocean; 1 mile from rail-ad station; Box 48, Wells, Maine. 32

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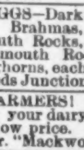

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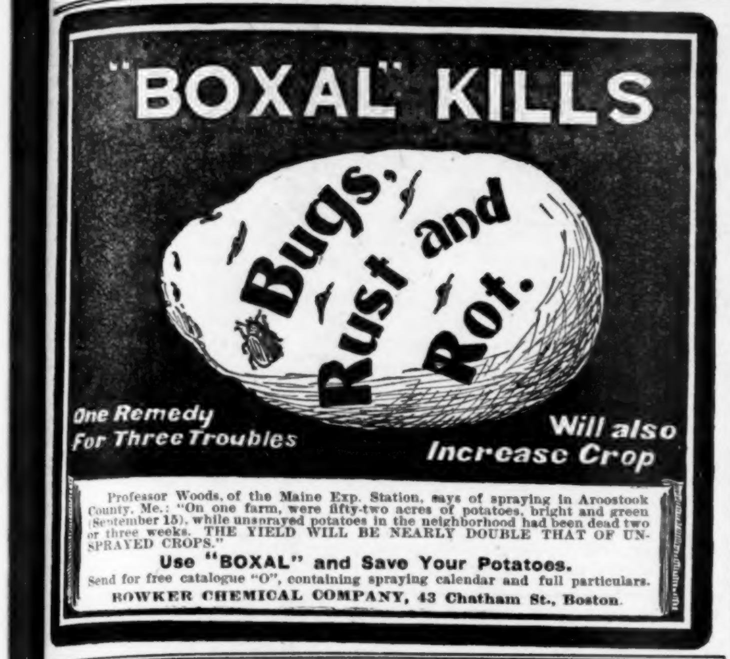

"BOXAL" KILLS

Bugs, Rust and Rot.

One Remedy For Three Troubles

Will also Increase Crop

Professor Woods, of the Maine Exp. Station, says of spraying in Aroostook County, Me.: "On one farm, were fifty-two acres of potatoes, bright and green (September 15), while unsprayed potatoes in the neighborhood had been dead two or three weeks. THE YIELD WILL BE NEARLY DOUBLE THAT OF UNSPRAYED CROPS."

Use "BOXAL" and Save Your Potatoes.

Send for free catalogue "O", containing spraying calendar and full particulars.

BOWKER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 43 Chatham St., Boston.

JULY 4th IS WITH US!

Remember the AUGUSTA ..RACES..

Plan to be at home. Do not miss the best day's sport of the season. Good fields of horses, Bicycle Races, Wagon Races, Greased Pig, Good Music, and other attractions.

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LEE & LISHNESS.

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JAMES B. DRAKE, Pres.

Allen Partridge, Agent........Augusta.
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The Gold Medal Prize Treatise.

Only 25 Cents.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 365 pages, with engravings. 25 cents, in paper covers; cloth, full gilt, $1.00; by mail, sealed. A book for every man, young, middle-aged, or old. A million copies sold. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best Institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cents for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health.

Crescent, Orient and Sterling Bicycles.

AT ALL PRICES.

Sherwin-Williams Mixed Paints,

OILS AND VARNISHES.

Send for color card.

Hardware, Plumbing and Piping.

Taber, Carey & Reid

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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J. H. MANLEY, Clerk.

Augusta, Me., June 21st, 1900.

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WANTED.

Man for general farm work. Must be temperate and a first-class all-round man. Steady employment for the right kind.

S. W. PERKINS,
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PARIS GREEN, BLUE VITRIOL, FRESH INSECT POWDER, HELLEBORE and all best Insecticides can be found at CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE'S Old Reliable Drug Store, opp. Post Office, Augusta.

CAPABLE WOMAN WANTED for a permanent position. $60.00 per month and all expenses. Experience unnecessary. Clark & Co., 234 S. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

State News.

The Maine State Federation of Women's Clubs is in session in Bangor this week.

The Unitarian church at Kennebunk celebrated its 150th anniversary on Friday last.

The house of Edward Young at Salisbury Cove, was totally destroyed, by fire Saturday morning. Loss $1500; insured.

The two year old child of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Myshrall of Orono, was badly scalded Friday by falling into a kettle of boiling water.

Edward B. Bradbury, a leading contractor of Saco, dropped dead at his home on Main street Sunday afternoon, aged 73 years.

Willie Chase, 14 years old, only child of Joseph A. Chase of Yarmouth, was drowned Wednesday last while swimming in the river above Hodsdon's dam.

The town of Danforth is planning for a grand old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, with all the essential features. The citizens have subscribed $225 for the occasion.

A Grand Trunk brakeman, named McCutcheon was instantly killed Monday morning at Lewiston Junction. It is supposed that he was struck by an overhead bridge while standing on top of a car.

Patrick H. Flaherty, a longshoreman, was found on one of the Portland wharves Sunday morning, unconscious, with his skull fractured. He died without regaining consciousness. The police suspect foul play.

A fire in Auburn Saturday afternoon destroyed the Auburn Stove Foundry Works and slightly damaged the surrounding buildings. It is thought to have caught from a locomotive spark. Loss $7000; insured.

The greatest log jam ever known on the Penobscot river has formed near North Lincoln, where the Mattawamkeag drive was held up to sort out pulp logs. About 39,000,000 feet of logs are piled up in a confused mass.

Halldale. C. H. Lamb visited his parents at Troy last Sunday.—B. F. Foster attended the Montville Quarterly Meeting at South Jefferson last week.—G. W. Lamb of Portland is visiting relatives here.—E. M. Clement is on the sick list.

A fire at Lewiston Friday evening destroyed the barns and out buildings owned by F. X. Belleau and Robert Owen, on Eastern avenue. Considerable live stock was burned, also carriages and farming utensils. Loss about $5000; partly insured.

A fire at Rockport Sunday morning destroyed the bridge between the kilns of the Rockland & Rockport Lime Co. and gutted a building occupied by Shipping Commissioner Burgess and W. O. Corthell, undertaker. The stock of the latter was wholly destroyed. Loss about $300.

The sail loft of S. A. Jones, Waldoboro, was burned Friday night, together with a paint shop and storehouse. The cabin of a new schooner, and a quantity of sails and rigging, were burned in the buildings. Loss about $3000: partly insured. The fire was probably of incendiary origin.

The condition of the bankrupt town of Somerville is growing worse. The debt has increased $1000, while the property valuation has fallen off over $10,000. The only solution of the situation seems to be the repudiation of the debt, and that the town is unwilling to do unless forced to such a course.

Rev. J. E. Adams, D. D. of Bangor, an aged retired clergyman, was struck by a bicyclist Saturday forenoon and seriously injured. He was picked up unconscious, and was found to have sustained a number of very painful cuts and bruises, including a long gash on the head. The bicyclist fled without waiting to learn the result of his carelessness.

A double funeral took place on Thursday afternoon in Portland which had an unusual element of pathos. It was the burial of two friendless men, one a suicide, the other a lonely man who dropped dead in his room a few days ago. The funeral service was held at the undertaking rooms, only three persons being present. Rev. S. F. Pearson officiated.

Staceyville. Mr. Mike Willett met with a serious accident while peeling bark for Mr. H. P. Morgan. A large hemlock log slid on him to his knees and but for the courageous act of Mr. Stanley M. Heath of Sherman Mills, he would undoubtedly have bled to death. On a sultry, hot day, Mr. Heath carried him on his shoulders several miles, gave him money and sent him home.

George Champion, the suspected murderer of the Goodwin family at West Newfield, was captured Wednesday last at Milford, Mass., and is now in the county jail at Alfred, closely watched day and night. He asserts his innocence, but the officers are confident that he will eventually break down and confess the crime. Meanwhile evidence is accumulating against him, and a strong case will doubtless be made out.

Alna. There was a baptism from the Baptist church June 17th and ten candidates were baptized. There was an appropriate sermon preached in the morning by Rev. C. H. Williams, and then the people went to the river side where the baptism took place. There will be another baptism at this place in the course of two or three weeks.

It is rumored that the Kennebec Water Company wishes to raise its dams two feet higher at Moosehead Lake, and an estimate is being made of damages. The people of Greenville village and Greenville Junction claim that should the dams be raised, it would flood both towns disastrously. The beauty of the lake shore would be entirely ruined, and all the hotel property on the lake a complete loss. The company, on the other hand, would be greatly benefited by the increased water supply.

An attempt was made last Thursday evening to wreck the train from Boston to Rockland on the Knox and Lincoln division of the Maine Central, near Warren. There was a heavy fog prevailing at the time, and the engine ran entirely on to the obstruction before it was discovered. Two heavy railroad sleepers were swept off the track by the cowcatcher. The train was stopped, and it was found that 13 spikes had been removed from an outside rail on a curve, and an attempt made to remove the strap where the two rails come together. It was almost a miracle that the rails did not spread and throw the engine off the track. Tramps are thought to be responsible.

Sensational charges were preferred against Lewis F. Johnson of Saco, a lawyer, at the meeting of the Governor and council last week, and his removal from the Saco registration board requested. The petition presented by Judge B. F. Cleaves of the Biddeford Municipal Court charged Johnson with association with lewd women, embezzlement of funds he had collected for his clients, willingness to resign his office for a consideration, threats to "trim" the Saco Republicans at the next session of the board, blackmail and other misdemeanors. The council refused to grant the immediate suspension asked, but issued a notice for Johnson to be present at a hearing to be held July 20.

St. Albans. E. D. Emerson had a shock Tuesday morning and remains in a helpless condition. He enlisted in the 2d Maine Cavalry and served three years, re-enlisted, and served till the war closed.—Mrs. Frank Hanson is helping Mrs. Wheeler Crocker, who is in poor health.—Ralph Hanson is very sick with the measles.—Fred Thompson is making extensive repairs on his house.—Miss Eva Fairbrother is home from Vermont where she has been engaged teaching school.—The price of wool remains unchanged. 22 cents is the price paid in this locality.—The grass is looking very well on new-seeded fields and somewhat thin in old fields.—Mr. and Mrs. Percy Longley have gone to Kineo to spend the summer.

Washington. Miss Sadie Jones was called home Friday by the severe illness of her sister Mamie.—Joseph Day is building a new barn. Rev. S. H. Burton of South Jefferson is doing the job.—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Staples are visiting friends at Augusta.—Mrs. Aldana Lessuer attended the Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting last Friday, Saturday and Sunday at South Jefferson.—Miss Maud Jones is visiting friends at Augusta and Hallowell.—The Razorville C. E. Society have elected the following officers: W. E. Overlock, president; O. B. Collins, 1st vice-president; H. H. Clark, 2d vice-president; Mrs. W. E. Overlock, recording secretary; Mrs. J. B. Howard, corresponding secretary; Miss Abia Jones, treasurer; Mrs. W. E. Overlock, organist; J. Sabin, clock janitor.—Trinity Y. P. S. C. E. local union held its June session with the So. Somerville society the 9th and 10th.

Athens. Eddie Johnson is very ill with typhoid fever at the home of his uncle, Volney Johnson of Levant. His parents were notified by telephone, and have gone to attend him.—Mr. Cleveland Wade, a much respected citizen died recently from the effects of a shock.—Mrs. J. F. Holman is in Boston where she went to attend the graduation of her daughter from the high school.—Mrs. Charles Turner and her two sons, Mrs. Samuel Parsons, Mrs. L. N. Ellingwood and Master Harry Emery are enjoying a few weeks at York Beach.—Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Leighton are soon to take a trip to Montreal.—Horace Patterson lost a good horse last week by its breaking a leg while running in the pasture.—A drama, "The Burglar," was given in Wesserrunsett Hall Friday evening. There was a good attendance.—Mr. Claude Barker is at home on a visit.—R. D. Pratt is at home from Worcester.

Frank Sandford, the crank evangelist of Shiloh, is on his way from the Pacific slope with a party of 36 apostles and converts, and has telegraphed his manager at Shiloh to prepare for a grand farewell convention June 13 to 20, before his departure for Europe. Mrs. M. E. Stranch McCall of Tacoma, Wash., has sworn out a warrant against Sandford and his fellow-evangelist, H. N. Harriman, charging them with kidnapping her daughter Mary, a pretty 18 year old girl and an heiress. Harriman is said to have forced Miss Strauch to accompany the Shiloh party when it left Tacoma on Monday night. Mrs. McCall accompained the party to the train, and an exciting and tearful scene followed. Miss Strauch broke from the crowd and threw herself into her mother's arms, sobbing out her determination to return to her home. Then Mr. Harriman is accused of telling Mrs. McCall that she must either release her daughter or he would call a policeman. Mrs. McCall fainted on the sidewalk and the girl was placed on the train.

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Harmony. We have been enjoying some beautiful weather and crops are growing finely. The grass crop seems scarcely up to an average, especially on new ground, but pastures are good and stock is doing well. Sheep are not all sheared yet, there being a scarcity of help for that purpose, and what wool has been clipped is selling at 22 cents. Hoeing seems to be the order of the day. Some have planted an experimental acre or half-acre of sweet corn this year for the St. Albans factory. The road machine has been busy the past two weeks fixing up our ways, and we now have some very passable highways.—Mrs. Francis, wife of Augustine P. Bailey, passed away June 14th of cancerous stomach and liver, aged 72 years. Services were conducted Sunday at the church by Rev. V. D. Sweetland. The burial was at Cambridge. In the afternoon Mr. Sweetland preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Fred Cromwell, who died early in the spring of typhoid fever.—Several from this town attended commencement exercises at Pittsfield last week.—Alton Chadbourne is confined to the house with a cut on his ankle, received while hewing timber.—W. S. Bemis also recently received quite a cut on the lip, while peeling poplar, but it is now much better.

North Turner Bridge. One going from the Bridge up river finds a nice farming country. The Lovell Brothers carry on two farms which they own and the broad fields show good cultivation. They have a nice barn and other out buildings that show thrift. The barn was new three years ago and has all the modern conveniences. Mr. A. R. Andrews lives the next farm north. He is building a new barn where he had one struck by lightning and burned last summer. His neighbors have kindly assisted him in getting some of his lumber to mill to be sawed. Asa Hewett lives on top of the hill as you approach the old mill site. This old mill in the "Hollow" has seen better days; like all the rest on these small streams, it is fast going to decay. Near this mill and a little retired from the road live Orren Bryant and his wife. They have lived on this farm many years and the fields all show good cultivation. One broad field in front of the house contains about 50 acres and not a stone or a bush can be seen between the fences. The next two farms north of the mill site, your correspondent knows not, but the surroundings show good care and well-kept fields. Soon one comes to Pratt's Corner, where the river road crosses the stage road from Brettuns. Here lives Edward Pratt, He runs a large farm and any one that knows "Ed" Pratt knows that he makes farming pay. Further along you will come to the Carver farm. Here the house has been destroyed by fire and the farm sold to the next neighbor, Mr. Bemis. Mr. Carver ran what one would call a horse farm; kept a number of horses, and had a private track for his own use. I have been told that Mr. Carver died on a race course with heart trouble while driving a fast horse. In all this farming country your correspondent saw no caterpillars. It was said by some that they were killed by the ice last winter which was formed on the trees.

General News.

The Orphans' Home at Leadville, Colo., was burned Saturday night, and four children are believed to have perished in the flames.

Mrs. Delia Benson, an elderly woman, was pushed down the gallery stairs by the crowd in a theatre at Oswego, N. Y., Saturday, and fatally injured.

A tenement house fire in Buffalo, N. Y., Monday night, caused the death of one person and the serious injury of three others, all of one family.

American painters are carrying off the honors at the Paris Exposition, having received more gold medals than the artists of any other nation except France.

A dispatch from Gen. MacArthur at Manila states that Gen. Macabulos, one of the leading insurgent generals, has surrendered at Tarlac, with 8 officers, and 124 rifles.

Yellow fever has broken out near Havana, Cuba, where U. S. troops are stationed. Fourteen cases have occurred, only a small proportion of which have proved fatal.

A steamer from Sydney, N. S. W., brings news of the wreck off the Victorian coast of the British ship Sierra Nevada, 1400 tons, 23 lives were lost, including the captain.

So. Framingham, Mass., celebrated its 200th anniversary last week, closing Friday with a display of fireworks and canoe parade on the pond. Fully 15,000 people were present.

A fire in the village of East Pembroke, N. H., Saturday morning, destroyed all the industries of the place, including the Hawley Box Factory and the grain mill of H. C. Fisher. Loss $32,000.

Two young ladies of Richmond, Va., were brutally assaulted by a negro last week, and the country is being scoured for their assailant. Every precaution is being taken to prevent a lynching.

The grand lodge of Odd Fellows has voted to exclude druggists and hotel keepers from their order, on the ground of liquor selling. Liquor dealers and bar tenders have always been excluded.

Yellow fever is raging in every part of the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and is causing many deaths, especially among American planters and railway employees. It is feared that the disease will spread to all the gulf ports of Mexico.

Wm. Culton, who is in jail at Frankfort, Ky., charged with being accessory to the murder of Gœbel, has received an anonymous letter postmarked Fort Worth, Texas, in which the writer says that he shot Gœbel, and is now on a Texas ranch.

Two tenement house fires occurred in New York Friday. 10 lives were lost and 7 persons seriously injured in the first one, which was at 34 Jackson St. The second fire was in a house on Rutgers St. occupied by more than 25 families. One woman was burned to death, and several injured.

At Saratoga, N. Y., the town authorities agreed to pay 20 cents per quart for the caterpillars which are destroying the shade trees. About 1000 quarts were brought in on Friday, and buried alive. The town finds this method of extermination more effective and cheaper than spraying the trees.

Indications seems to point to an ending of the South African war at no distant date. The Natal volunteers were dismissed by Sir Redvers Buller on Saturday and returned to their homes. It is reported that a division of regulars will be with drawn from Buller's army and embarked for China.

Bessie Mott, 17 years old, of Ansonia, Conn., was awakened Friday night by an unpleasant odor in her room, and found that a man was holding a bottle under her nose. She sreamed for her father, who pursued the man and shot at him, but could not prevent his escape. No clue could be found to his identity.

The Ocean View House, one of the largest hotels at Nantasket Beach, was burned Friday. The cause of the fire is a mystery, as the building had been closed for some time. It had been sold to the park commissioners only a short time ago, hence was the property of the state. Loss $50,000: no insurance.

The Maine Ice Co., an independent concern, has leased a dock at the foot of Hudson Ave, Brooklyn, and proposes to break the ice trust. The manager Allston Sargent who is a Maine man, a native of Brewer, says that he has 60,000 tons of ice in Maine ready for shipment, and a big supply back of that, and will sell for 15 cents per 100 lbs.

A train on the Canada Eastern railway was stopped Saturday by army worms which covered the track for a mile to the depth of four inches. The train crew spent hours shovelling off the worms and sanding the track before the train could proceed. The trees in that part of the country are entirely stripped of their leaves by the worms.

Henry Parsons of Somerville, Mass., shot and killed Wm. Hammond of Everett, Monday evening, in the presence of a large crowd of people. The shooting was apparently unprovoked, and threats of lynching Parsons were freely made. The officers had some difficulty in getting their prisoner to the station, being hustled vigorously by the crowd.

Gen. Botha, of the Boer forces in South Africa, declines to accept Lord Robert's proposal for his surrender, and hostilities were renewed after a five days' armistice. President Steyn of the Orange Tree State declares that it is still free in spite of Lord Robert's manifesto of annexation, and has issued a proclamation to that effect. President Kruger and Secretary of State Reitz are still bitterly opposed to a surrender.

The situation in St. Louis shows no improvement. The affair has developed into a boycott, declared by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. The boycott was declared Saturday and applies not only to the St. Louis Transit Co., but to every business man, association, corporation or individual favoring it in any way. The mayor of St. Louis and governor of Missouri decline to take the action demanded of them for political reasons.

It looks as if war had really begun in China. The latest dispatches state that the 17 forts of Taku opened fire on the warships June 17. The fleet returned the fire, silencing the Chinese guns, and the international forces later landed and seized the forts. The casualties were few on board the ships. About 400 Chinese reported killed. Prompt action is now being taken by the Powers. Germany, France and Russia are hurrying troops to the scene, and the 9th U. S. infantry have been ordered to proceed at once from Manila to Taku. The foreign legations in Pekin are in great danger, if a massacre has not already taken place. It is impossible to obtain reliable information in regard to the situation owing to the censorship of telegrams.

James Farrell, gate tender at the Dorchester avenue grade crossing, South Boston, saved the lives of three children Friday at the risk of his own. The gates had been lowered for the passage of a train, which was rapidly approaching, when three little tots walked under the gates onto the tracks. To reach them Farrell had to cross the gate and three sets of tracks, on which trains might at any moment appear. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang over the tracks, threw two of the children onto the platform, and seizing the others, who had fallen directly in the path of the train, leaped the gate just as the engine shot past. His brave deed was greeted with storms of cheering, which he acknowledged by a wave of the hand, and resumed his duties as if nothing had happened. An effort will be made to get a medal for him from the Mass. Humane Society.

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AN AMERICAN ASPIRANT

By JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.

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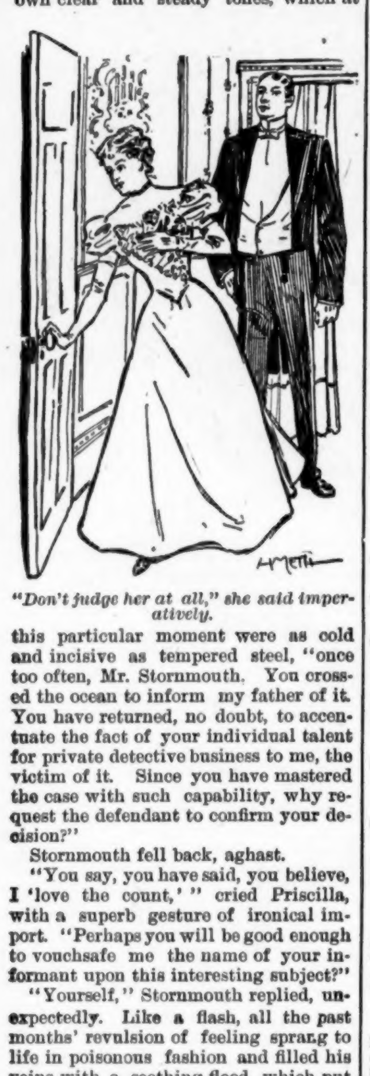


"Don't judge her at all," she said imperatively.

"You have taken the trouble to assert that fact," said Priscilla, in her own clear and steady tones, which at this particular moment were as cold and incisive as tempered steel, "once too often, Mr. Stormmouth. You crossed the ocean to inform my father of it. You have returned, no doubt, to accentuate the fact of your individual talent for private detective business to me, the victim of it. Since you have mastered the case with such capability, why request the defendant to confirm your decision?"

Stornmouth fell back, aghast.

"You say, you have said, you believe, I 'love the count,' " cried Priscilla, with a superb gesture of ironical import. "Perhaps you will be good enough to vouchsafe me the name of your informant upon this interesting subject?"

"Yourself," Stornmouth replied, unexpectedly. Like a flash, all the past months' revulsion of feeling sprang to life in poisonous fashion and filled his veins with a seething flood, which put out common sense and cool judgment with wonderful effectiveness for the moment. "Your actions, your evasions, your happiness in his presence, your confusion."

He stopped. Priscilla had turned and measured him from head to heel. Somehow he felt as though he were losing ground.

"You have let go," Priscilla said unkindly, "your principal charm, my friend. Its name was self control."

Then she laughed, not a pretty laugh; a little, wild, strange imitation of the sound which is supposed to indicate mirth. This sound seemed to ring a knell of its own.

"I will offer you a suggestion, Mr. Stornmouth," the girl remarked, with a strong emphasis on the "Mr." "Never judge a woman by what she says or by what she does."

"What is one to judge her by?" he inquired desperately, with perhaps pardonable curiosity.

"Don't judge her at all," she said imperatively.

With a mutinous expression which was essentially lovely, Priscilla laid her hand once more upon the doorknob. "Since you say I love the count," said the sweet voice, "go smoke your pipe upon it, O wily dissector of the feminine heart, and pleasant dreams to you."

The door opened and closed. She was gone.

"Constance," whispered Priscilla guardedly as she settled herself upon her pillow to a little crumpled mass of creamy muslin and tossed inky hair which nestled beside her, "Constance, are you asleep?"

"Yes," answered Constance, blinking an eye open.

"Aren't men fools when they are in love?" asked Priscilla irrelevantly.

"Idiots," returned Constance cheerfully with conviction. "But I like idiots. Don't you?"

"I simply adore them," murmured Priscilla, "when I get the best of them." With this frank confession of incipient villainy, this wily practitioner in retaliative methods fell peacefully asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

The following morning Constance's bedchamber was like a conservatory of flowers. There were bouquets from the scene shifters, expectant of a fee from the new prima donna, from the chorus also to insure that its good graces should be recognized in monetary form, from the orchestra, from the orchestra leader, from the claque, a bill of 300 francs for so called "gratuitous services" from Geoffroy, from Desmoulins, from De Lacaze, from Stornmouth, from the World, the Flesh and the Devil, from the entire Pension Picaud, and from numerous persons whom Constance had forgotten, but who availed themselves of this auspicious occasion to refresh her memory of them.

She had not yet risen. With newspaper clippings of every size and hue beside her she nestled among her pillows. Most of the printed criticisms were ecstatic in their praises. The new prima donna was compared with every song bird of the planet. Her grace was lauded to the skies. Her voice was denominated "the sweetest the new world has yet sent us." Her acting was universally deplored. This did not disconcert her, as she had expected much worse, and rejoiced at any evidence of good will. She entirely ignored the fact that the criticisms had been coerced by Priscilla's diplomacy. She was ignorant of the true inwardness of professional human nature. It was only later she discovered that just this outspoken praise of her was the direst calamity which could have befallen her.

Today she was happy, strangely, dreamily happy; contented, like a sick child convalescing from long days of pain and weakness, amid her faithful friends, no longer buffeted by the storm tossing in the past, which she now contemplated with a shudder and wondered fearfully at having passed through unscathed. The sympathy in Doxie's face had been the first evidence she received of how great and brave had been her fight in the face of circumstances unsuspected in the realm of home, girlhood and loving care.

Doxie called early and left a message that he would take her for a walk that afternoon. Priscilla would not hear of Constance returning to the pension, for the present at least. She petted and cosseted her inordinately. She astonished Constance by informing her succinctly during the course of that long happy morning that she had given up the stage.

"What changed you in your purpose?"

"Things," returned Priscilla airily. She began a conversation on a totally different subject. Constance had signed a three years' contract with Geoffroy to sing when called upon, to learn a new opera in 15 days if required, to remain in the city all summer, through all the opera season, as well as winter, unless able to present a doctor's certificate that she was so ill she required a change of air and numerous other petty details which she ignored at the time, but which later assumed gigantic proportions.

"Tomorrow," Priscilla announced, "the count calls to demand my hand, and dad arrives from New York." She was looking out of the window into the street. There was a flower cart on the corner, purple with Russian violets and yellow with mimosa. Constance glanced at her sharply. All she could perceive was the tip of a tiny ear and two hands clasped firmly behind their owner's waist.

"What are you going to do about it?" she inquired, with assumed indifference.

"What do you suppose?" said Priscilla.

"I know," asserted Constance positively, "that you will refuse him."

"What an idea!" ejaculated Priscilla sharply, turning suddenly and disclosing a pair of innocent wide eyes and a delicious mischievous smile. "What, may I ask, induces you to suppose anything of the kind?"

"Intuition," Constance remarked just as wickedly.

"What have you intuished?"

"Don't be a fool, Priscilla, and throw away your happiness."

"You are a fine person to counsel wisdom," cried Priscilla daringly. "How about Mr. Doxie?"

"Well, what about Mr. Doxie?"

"He is the man," Priscilla asserted delightedly, with intense conviction, "you sent away from you. I feel it in my bones."

"What makes you think so?"

"There was the sweetest look in your face last night," said Priscilla, "when you fell asleep, and, my dear, I saw Mr. Doxie give you one look at the supper table which taught me everything I wished to know. It was perfectly beautiful." This with an expression of supreme satisfaction which was in its way irresistible.

"He is the man"—

"Thank God!"

"I refused. I had not finished. What had you said to Mr. Stornmouth last night before I came up stairs to put him in such a bad humor?"

"I?" cried Priscilla. "What could an insignificant young woman like me possibly say to so important a person as Mr. Stornmouth to disconcert him in any manner whatsoever?"

"H'm!" Constance murmured. She was gazing at the ceiling. The end of the remark was incomprehensible.

"What did you say?"

"I said nothing," returned Constance.

"Yes, you did. You seemed to doubt the truth of my last statement."

"Far from it," remarked Constance coolly. "I believed it."

"Believed that what I said or did was of no importance to John Stornmouth?" she asked rather shrilly.

"Exactly."

"H'm! I presume you consider yourself very clever."

"Not at all."

"A reader of character and so forth."

"By no means."

"Whatever you consider yourself," cried Priscilla irritatedly, "you never proved yourself so entirely at sea as at present."

"Why so?"

"John Stornmouth," Priscilla announced superbly, "adores me. He simply worships the ground I walk on."

"Nonsense!"

"What do you mean by 'nonsense?' " Priscilla demanded. "What do you know about it anyway?"

"Nothing," said Constance. "I merely consider it a pity he cannot care for you, since you are so absolutely lovable." The implied compliment was administered apparently as salt to savor the uncompromising nature of the statement which preceded it.

"A pity he does not care for me!" Priscilla repeated scornfully. "Absurd! He is at my feet—literally at my feet."

"And you at the count's feet. The course of true love never did run smooth."

"I at the count's feet!" cried Priscilla. "I at the count's feet! Where did you get that idea?"

"Observation," Constance replied mendaciously. She was splashing like a fish now in her bath in an adjoining room and was obliged to keep up her end of the conversation under difficulties.

"For once," Priscilla stormed, with a stamp of her foot, which was happily concealed by the thickness of the rug upon which she stood, "for once you are mistaken."

"Indeed?"

"Utterly mistaken. I don't care the snap of my finger for the count, for 50 counts, for all the titles in Europe! There!"

"Admirable!" applauded Constance. "What's a count anyway?"

"That's just it. What's a count who doesn't count?"

"Zero," said Constance. Then, as though thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their exalted discourse, she added flippantly, "Whoever heard of a count who counted two, after all?"

To this obvious effort of the intellect Priscilla scorned to reply.

"I can't imagine," she began tearfully, as Constance emerged from her bath in a crash, looking like a rose leaf steeped in dew, and the two girls seated themselves before the fire with their nail polishers, "I can't imagine why anybody ever supposed for an instant that I desired a title."

"You did desire."

"I did not."

"Well, never mind. We won't discuss it. So long as you have altered your mind we won't quarrel." Then, very gently, she turned toward Priscilla. "You do love him, don't you?" she whispered in a wheedling little tone which was essentially girlish. "He is so entirely worthy of it. He has nothing so much as your happiness at heart. You have made him sufficiently miserable."

When life's autumn comes, women, worn out by the burdens and obligations of motherhood, yet shrink from that second "change of life" which will banish these burdens forever. They fear a change in form, in feature, in personal attractiveness, and that the lees of life will alone remain at the bottom of the cup of existence. Such fears are largely warranted by the effects which this change produces in many women. But no woman need let these fears fret her, who from the time of the first change of life, from girlhood to womanhood, has taken care to constantly keep her system in vigorous health.

Those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription do not suffer from the change of life either in face, form or feelings as do other women. This fact is due to the intimate connection of the general health with the health of the organs peculiarly feminine. By preserving the health of these organs, and relieving the system from the debilitating drains, ulcers and inflammations which sap its health, "Favorite Prescripton" paves the way for this natural change to come in Nature's way, without the loss of capacity to please others or the personal inability to enjoy life.

Mrs. M. Barnes, of Balls Ferry, Shasta Co., Cal., writes: "My physician said I was suffering from the effects of 'change of life.' I had heart disease and womb trouble and rheumatism. My head was so dizzy I could hardly stand up. When I began Dr. Pierce's medicines I improved right along. I took seven or eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' a teaspoonful three times a day, and the 'Pleasant Pellets' at night. I feel as well as I ever did."

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium or other narcotics.

You may be willing that somebody else shall say that their baby is "just as good" as yours, but you don't want that baby substituted for yours. Let dealers say what they like about other medicines being "just as good" but don't let them substitute anything for "Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system of impurities.

"I have not yet finished with him," interrupted Priscilla.

"What has he done to you to make you so cruel?"

"He has supposed," cried Priscilla, with intense indignation of a boiling over quality which would have filled the soul of a student in emotions with awe, "he has dared to suppose that I—I loved a title."

"Well?"

"A mean, miserable title, with a perfect reptile of a man attached to it—a man whom it makes my blood curdle to approach—whose glance is poison, whose touch is a disgrace."

"He was jealous."

Priscilla apparently did not hear.

"He has dared to think," she cried, "that I, Priscilla Delno, a God fearing woman"—this in a burst of palpable satisfaction at having mastered a phrase which, so to speak, filled the bill—"would stoop to pick up a miserable, middle aged, dyed mustached, muddy eyed little whippersnapper like that!"

"There was every reason to suppose it," returned Constance, biting her lips hard to keep from breaking into a ringing laugh. "You evinced no disgust for him in your treatment of him."

"Certainly not under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"You," Priscilla answered tragically, "you ask me to name the circumstances? You must be blind, stone blind."

Constance stared and dropped her nail polisher.

"Priscilla, what do you mean?"

"Constance," said Priscilla, with tears in her eyes, "is it possible you have not guessed my reason for treating the count as I have?"

"What do you mean?"

"You, too, have misunderstood and reviled me?"

"Quite so," said Constance despairingly, unaware of what she was accusing herself.

"You have thought I intended to marry the count?"

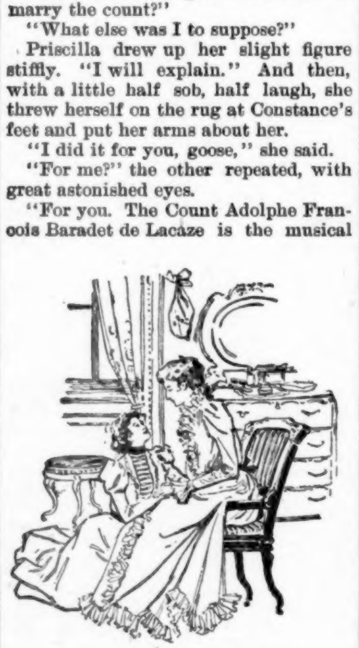
"What else was I to suppose?"

Priscilla drew up her slight figure stiffly. "I will explain." And then, with a little half sob, half laugh, she threw herself on the rug at Constance's feet and put her arms about her.

"I did it for you, goose," she said.

"For me?" the other repeated, with great astonished eyes.

"For you. The Count Adolphe Francois Baradet de Lacaze is the musical critic on the Figaro. The Figaro is the most influential newspaper in Paris. The game has been worth the candle." Then this able diplomat clasped her pink tipped fingers about her knees and fell to gazing at the fire.



"I did it for you, goose," she said.

"Priscilla," Constance vouchsafed faintly, "you are a perfect darling. I am going to tell John Stornmouth all about it."

Priscilla turned. Every feature was quivering. Her lips were white.

"Constance," she commanded, "leave John Stornmouth to me. I will teach him that there are American girls and American girls. I am evidently one of the kind he has never even suspected."

"But, Priscilla"—

"Leave John Stornmouth to me!" Priscilla repeated ominously.

CHAPTER XII.

On Thursday the conclave was held in the library.

Judge Delno was seated in a Francis I chair. His long pale hands, muscular and remarkable for their expression of reserved force, clasped firmly the carved arms. Priscilla leaned over the back.

Stornmouth sat beside Judge Delno. There was a window behind them. It overlooked a court.

On the left of the judge were seated Miss Mildred Delno and Stephen Doxie. Facing him were Desmoulins and De Lacaze.

The proposition was submitted to the judge by Desmoulins, who reseated himself easily as he finished his peroration; but, unable to conceal entirely an inward perturbation, he tugged violently at one corner of his perfumed mustache. De Lacaze's face was the color of old wax. He sat intently considering the visible and invisible features of the case, his muddy eyes shifting furtively from countenance to countenance as Desmoulins accentuated the salient facts, made good his strength and kept out of sight as much as possible the weak points of the proposition.

Judge Delno listened. There is a silence which means nothing. There is a silence which hints at possible developments. Judge Delno's silence belonged to the latter order. At a glance he had taken in the unmitigated villainy of the two smug physiognomies which submitted themselves to his experienced scrutiny. He sympathetically nurtured the knowledge of Stornmouth's policy, which was to expose the opposition plot to Priscilla in case she experienced any weakness in the direction of foreign suitors. He comprehended, in less time than it takes to write these words, the tools which his daughter and sister were supposed by their manipulators to exemplify under their practiced hands, oiled by incessant contact with the gambling methods, moral, mental and physical, brought to bear upon life's issues. His proud spirit was quivering with righteous wrath and a seething contempt for these specimens of a nation he had elected to despise.

To pit an American, vigorous, alive, armed to the hilt with tried capacity for innate godliness, firm in the knowledge of his personal integrity, against a Frenchman, talented, crafty, wicked and deliberately oblique in his methods, is like nothing so much as pitting a buffalo against one of those exquisite chameleons which lie along sun kissed walls in Spain, changing color with every movement. The buffalo confronts any contrary issue with a sounding bellow which announces at the start his intention. Then, head down, he surges wildly forward. If he is met with a counterthrust or a rally or is lassoed into reluctant, surly, temporary submission, he still worries and gives outspoken vent to his contempt for any method of attack less frankly courageous than his own.

What is perforce integrity to the buffalo is considered a barefaced lack of method by the chameleon. What reads ability or perspicacity or perfection of treatment to the chameleon is translated dastardly cowardice and bewildering and unnecessary complication by the buffalo. One is wily, insinuating and deceptive, rejoicing in treatment of warfare as a scientific problem wrought from the rough into a pattern unsuspected by any but the most artistic of intriguers; the other is a touch and go hero, with defiance for his first weapon, audacity for his second and stand and deliver exactions for his third.

Is the buffalo vanquished he storms and struggles, and in some cases dies in durance vile, but in any case vigorously unrenunciative of one iota of his theories or principles—just a great soul maltreated, pin pricked into recalcitrant submission. If the chameleon is mastered, he turns slowly in the sun, thus evading any perceptible evidence of failure, and, revealing himself of another color, shifts any responsibility by thus eloquently bidding his adversary believe he was not that chameleon, but his neighbor.

Judge Delno in the present instance held the characteristics of the buffalo to some extent, if not wholly. It had been his portion to deal with the worthy and the unworthy, with spurious and genuine metal. He had practiced his profession in one of the greatest metropolises of the world. He knew the elusive tendencies of villains, their dislike to calling a spade a spade, their nerves of steel and their methods of iron. He recognized, like all students of human nature, that there is more ability displayed in practiced villainy than is often considered tenable in the highways and byways of practiced integrity. In a measure he was crippled because in a strange country and among strange faces.

He listened to Desmoulins patiently. There was no evidence in his well governed countenance of his recognition of his adversaries' strong and weak points.

When Desmoulins had finished, Judge Delno inclined his head.

"I am to understand, then," he remarked, "that you place the case for your friend the Count de Lacaze, owing to his inability to speak fluently in our language."

"You are, sir," from Desmoulins.

Judge Delno turned toward De Lacaze. "You speak English, sir?" he demanded unexpectedly.

"I do."

"I am to understand that you wish to lay your title and your vast estates before me for consideration; that you have reason to trust that my daughter will reciprocate your regard? Is she assured I am willing she should thus follow her own inclination?"

The count bowed. "Mlle. Delno," he said, "has been so kind as to listen when I have told her of my intention."

"Is this so, Priscilla?"

"I told him," said Priscilla, very low, so low that only Stornmouth and her father caught the words, "that if you gave your consent I would consider the matter."

"What," inquired the judge blandly, "is your income, count?"

This straightforward attack was a premeditated blow at his adversaries' suavity. It accomplished its purpose with miraculous swiftness.

The count stirred a little uneasily. Desmoulins darted at him a warning glance.

"My estates," he returned evasively, with a visible effort to seem unconcerned—"my estates, sir, would be considered sufficient guarantee in France to insure your daughter and her children against disaster should such disaster overtake us."

"Ah! Of what do those estates consist?"

"There is a property in Touraine," the count announced, "and one in Lombardy. Before my grandfather's estate was confiscated under the revolution he owned the entire village of Chambourliez, in the Vosges. When he was obliged to flee from Paris, taking every atom of personal property he could with him for fear of confiscation, he sold that village for 10,000,000 francs to obtain ready money."

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"Were you his heir?"

Desmoulins rose. "You are subjecting my friend to a positive inquisition," he cried indignantly. "Things are not conducted after this fashion in France. A man of title is considered a sufficient parti without a fortune to back him up."

"A man of title, yes," returned the judge. Then for the first time he looked piercingly at Desmoulins.

"You, sir," he said, "instituted recently in New York a search in regard my daughter's family, property and fair fame, did you not?"

There was a movement all through the room. Priscilla lifted her head with an indignant flush, which spread from her forehead to her chin and remained there for five minutes. Stornmouth stopped toying with a silver paper cutter which was lying on a first empire table near him. Doxie threw back his head with a grim smile.

"You are pleased," replied Desmoulins, just as coolly, exhibiting admirably strong nerve and undeniable capacity for ways and means esoteric and remarkable under fire, "to deal in enigmas."

"Perhaps. That word apparently conveys an opposite meaning in France from what it does in America. You deny, then, that you instituted a search into my daughter's connection in New York?"

"I deny nothing. I affirm nothing. It is customary in France when a man of title proposes uniting his family name with a person of insignificant parentage to inform himself of that person's past, present and future. We call it taking renseignements. The count may have thus informed himself without my instigation."

"By renseignements"—the judge pronounced the word with some difficulty—"you mean to convey that you require recommendations for your intended beneficiary, recommendations after the fashion of a master who demands of a cook references from his last place or a horse of which is exacted his pedigree by his would be purchaser?"

"Yes, monsieur."

The judge turned toward the count.

"Am I to understand that you made such inquiries?"

"I made no inquiries," returned the count. "Your daughter was responsible alone for my desire to unite my old name with youth and beauty."

The judge looked at Doxie. "Mr. Doxie," said he quietly, "you will oblige me by reading to these gentlemen the story of a nefarious plot which came to my notice a few days before I left New York. It is a letter, gentlemen," he said pleasantly, turning to Desmoulins and the count, "which was brought before me under peculiar circumstances. It was found in the pocket of a dead man. As it contained a signature strangely like yours, sir," speaking to Desmoulins, who was strikingly pale and was muttering something under his breath, "I made the comparison yesterday morning when I received your note requesting this interview. The signatures are one and the same. It seemed to me as pretty a case of compound felony as I have ever known."

"Find," Doxie read from a letter he had drawn from his pocket, "the record of the young woman's antecedents and social status. Is the old man gullible? Is the mamma to be coerced out of her ducats? Will the filthy lucre be forthcoming when the big move is made? De Lacaze is up to his ears in debt. He desires a wife with a big dot. If her antecedents are a little off color, so much the better. De Lacaze can hold then the whiphand and threaten exposure if his demands are rejected. The young woman's name is Priscilla Delno. Her address is 49 West Fifty-fifth street."

There was a dead silence.

Then a little figure sprang forward, a girl's figure in a pale pink gown, with a face like a flower, and tear filled eyes, and little shaking hands held forth toward Desmoulins.

"You said that of me," cried Priscilla, "of me, a girl who had never done you any harm, monsieur; a girl who had made you her friend; a girl who thought that men were friends and helpers, not liars?"

"Pah!" ejaculated Desmoulins. "One must live, mademoiselle," he added sullenly. The winning card was in the enemy's hand with a vengeance.

Over his stormy soul there swept a whiff of better days, days when he had stolen in, a little lad, among the sanctuary lamps, to prostrate himself before the image of the Virgin or a patron saint—days wherein he, before his version of life had burned his promise of peace and righteous attainment very low indeed, had dreamed dreams, too, of a land wherein love was a golden afternoon and— Pah, the game was up.

"Be silent, Priscilla. Come here, my daughter."

Priscilla took up her old stand behind her father's chair.

"Mademoiselle is melodramatic," Desmoulins began, in a stinging voice. "If she were Mlle. Brilla, for instance"—

"Silence!" hissed Stornmouth violently. He had been gazing at Priscilla with a puzzled expression, which set the blood firm in her eyes and cheeks. He was breathing a little unevenly.

Desmoulins checked himself. Perhaps the game was not up yet. Who knew but that these foreigners, with their strange methods and novel plans of action, were in need of a social uplift after all? He would wait a little.

Judge Delno opened a book which lay on a table beside him. "I find," he remarked, after close perusal of a clause it contained, "that in France the penalty for compound felony is a fine. They draw it milder than in New York. There the penalty may consist in a forfeiture of estates."

"You have no evidence," returned Desmoulins, having by this time recovered all his suavity of demeanor and palpably stung into action, chameleonlike changing his color—"you have no evidence, sir, that that letter is not a bogus one."

"Pardon me. I have that evidence." The retort cut across Desmoulins' speech like a knife blade across a deer's throat.

"What evidence?"

"Your own signature."

"Ah!" The "ah" was slow and salient. "The letter you hold in your hand was not written by me. De Lacaze wrote it. I stood at his elbow. Inadvertently he signed my name."

"Is that so?"

De Lacaze bowed his head silently. It was a poor move, he considered, a dastardly inefficiency, unworthy of the tempered steel of most of his methods, which it would have taken an expert to unravel or even suspect; but when the game was such a tempting one and the subject matter so delicious he considered that he might as well conduct his obvious strategy with visible ambiguity. She was so eminently desirable, that little maiden in the pink morning gown, with a flush like a strawberry stain in the smooth contour of her cheek, with that storm of revulsion in her flashing passionate eyes, the palpitating rise and fall of her breast. He set his teeth in his under lip hard. "Yes, monsieur, I wrote it," he continued quietly. "As mon ami states, he stood at my elbow. He has ever had a keen interest in my welfare. He has in more than one case dictated my letters, being more cognizant of ways and means foreign than myself, who have never quitted the shores of my beloved France." The latter sentence was accompanied by an ironical glance at Desmoulins which was not lost upon Judge Delno.

"Which proves," remarked the judge ironically, "that you indited both letters, count, since they are both in the same handwriting."

There was a pause.

De Lacaze answered nothing. If silence were the game, he would play the game of silence.

"Friendship!" cried Stornmouth gayly. "Oh, beautiful and faithful friendship, how many sins are committed in thy name! In America, for instance, a man conducts his own lovemaking. I should counsel you to pursue that policy, count."

"One would be dull indeed," returned De Lacaze, with a snarl and a diabolical pertinence in the covert insinuation, "did not one perceive that the advised policy is your own, monsieur."

"Precisely," rejoined Stornmouth. He stemmed peremptorily the venom of the counterthrust with a placidity which forced its import to glance off his own weakness, leaving it apparently as polished and unassailed as its propounder's impassive countenance.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Taking into consideration," recommenced Judge Delno, after a short lull in the proceedings, in which they one and all made an effort at self control and remembered that there were women present, one of whom represented the bone of contention in the case—"taking into consideration the fact that our ways are as totally opposed as the poles, I shall put a few questions which it would afford me a keen satisfaction for many reasons, not all of which are entirely personal, if you would answer, count." He ignored Desmoulins, to the visible perturbation of that worthy.

"What questions?"

"Are you aware that in the marriage you propose there is evidence of true nobility—nobility disassociated generally from marriages of this sort? Your demand is apparently entirely disinterested? You give all, you demand nothing?"

The count rubbed his hands together violently. "It is understood in France," he finally stated blandly, "that the family of the fiancee offers with her a sum sufficient to insure her husband against disaster—since, obviously, he assumes with marriage its expenses, its responsibilities, its reforms." He paused. "That sum is called a dot."

"The aforesaid dot to be reserved for the wife in case of misfortune befalling her husband?"

"Not so. That dot to be paid down to her suitor's bankers, under the assumption that the income to be drawn from it will be hers as well as his."

"Admirable! And what is his is hers?"

The count cleared his throat. "Unfortunately for the woman," he murmured, a trifle awkwardly, "the law in France is what we call raide."

"Unelastic," translated Stornmouth humorously, if not literally.

"The wife's property is invariably subservient to the will of her husband," continued the count, with a scowl.

"Justly," remarked the judge suavely, "if she receives in the marriage contract a sum equivalent to the sum advanced by her parents to be accredited to her. The"—

"Pardon, monsieur. When an American woman of property unites herself with a distinguished French family, she receives the title only in exchange for her personal property."

"And her husband's property—what of that?"

"That stands in her husband's name—with her own."

"You mean to say, then, that she buys his title with her money, her purity and her youth, demands no security against possible disaster and is supposed to be thankful and contented that her choice still respects her for such an evidence of individual imbecility?"

"Monsieur puts it harshly. Why does monsieur presume that a Frenchman desires to unite himself with a foreigner? In so doing the Parisian renounces his personal satisfaction for all time. A foreigner, to a Parisian born and bred, is a specimen both uninteresting and incomprehensible. A Parisian understands and is understood by his own class, by his own customs, by his own heart. It is rarely, unless in middle age, if monsieur will take into consideration most Franco-American unions, that the Parisian is the first to give evidence of a desire to sacrifice himself to a foreigner, even though that foreigner be as young and beautiful as Miss Delno." The count laid his hand upon that portion of his anatomy which is popularly supposed to represent the place where the heart should be. He bowed very low indeed, possibly to make up somewhat for the bald cruelty of his proposition.

"I will put it more harshly still. Your title, it is obvious, is your only claim? You propose to offer it for a consideration?"

"Monsieur is pleased to strip my proposition of its bloom."

"Pah! It has no bloom. It is as starved of ultimate promise, as devoid of the beauty of hope and aspiration, as barren of the sacredness we Americans associate with the divine duties, the tender promise of true conjugal union, as you are devoid of any sense of honor to make it. You call yourself a nobleman. Know, then, there is not a savage in our far west who understands so little the law of exchange as do you. He chooses his squaw out of his tribe. He may give her nothing in exchange for her gewgaws and her maidenhood but a tomahawk and a pair of arms with brawn in them and a soul teeming with the strength of his savage forefathers, but he knows the law—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He takes his bride to his heart the way a lion takes his mate. He gives her his manhood or his protection—call it what you will. In any case he stands between her and lesser brutes who would snatch her from his arms. A fig for your vaunted civilization! Give me, were I a girl, a virgin man out of one of our western forests, with the stir of life's combat in his veins, without a sou, only his birthright, the keen desire in him to succor the weak. Give me a man among men, not a fop, who seeks to sell his debts, dispose of his title and yet still retain it, figure up his bride as a means of financial reinstatement, to be coerced and finally abused and thrown out when stripped of her helpfulness in the time of need"—

"But, monsieur"—

But Judge Delno, like a warhorse with the sound of the battlecry in his ears, continued. "Civilization!" he cried. "What has it taught you, you foreigners, with your vaunted age we lack, with your vaunted art we are struggling to acquire, with your vaunted vice which unhappily we in our younger generation are striving to attain? It has taught you to lay low your manhood and put in its place a thing called self, a self which digs a grave for and buries and raises a headstone to personal integrity. When birds nest, they nest with birds. When cattle mate, they mate with cattle. When a Frenchman demands his 'right' to claim a bride, he offers a stone for bread, a rotten carcass in exchange for incarnate purity."

A clear voice broke in abruptly. It was the voice of Desmoulins.

"Who asks us to sell our titles for your lucre? The American. Who comes out of the east and west with his ducats clanking loudly and his bragging voice declaring he will buy art, heart and emotions? The American. He never thinks how we regard him. He acts from the standpoint alone of how he regards us. How we laugh! Mais, how we laugh! We have lived; he has yet to grow. We have suffered. He is longing to throw himself into the fray and to be gored alive rather than to wait for time to ripen him. If we choose to gore him, who can blame us? It is what he has demanded, what he has cried for, like a sick child whimpering for the moon."

"To continue with the case in hand," interrupted Stornmouth. For the first time he admired Desmoulins. After all, in this Frenchman's misused soul there dwelt a spark of that fire which assails the lowest of human creatures at times, that fire which flames out into vital protest in silent hours and demands the truth as a feverish invalid calls for water to quench his thirst. For the first time Stornmouth judged the American abroad from the French standpoint. It was not a pleasant standpoint to this virile specimen of its best blood, its best methods, its noblest intentions; but, endeavor as he might, he could not deny the fact that Desmoulins' accusation held a semblance of truth as regarded a small number of his compatriots who had visited France, bought up its titles and estates and lost a considerable record for keen patriotism or national fidelity in the process. He knew that the exception was not the rule. He, in justice, could not blame Desmoulins for thinking otherwise.

"I refuse," the judge calmly announced, "to permit my daughter to enter into any such alliance—unless," turning toward Priscilla, "she loves you."

(concluded next week)

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Home Department.

"SWEPT AND GARNISHED."

[In anticipation of Old Home Week.]

When they come home,
When from the east and west the children come,
To see the dear old hills and streams again,
And gaze into the eyes of Mother Maine,
And when upon familiar ways they look,
Or turn the leaves of some old boyhood book,
I wonder if to them it will not seem
That they have wakened from a pleasant dream.

I wonder if the hills will seem as high,
Or mountains quite as close unto the sky,
I wonder if the flowers will be as sweet
As those they used to tread beneath their feet,
And if the sunset clouds will be as bright
As those that shone upon their youthful sight;
Or if the bankside brook will be as clear
As those of olden memory appear.

It matters not,
Perhaps, how it appears, for, unforgot,
Unstained, still brilliant, memory's waters glow
And she will ever keep them shining so.
It matters not, but ah it matters more,
That Mother Maine hath opened wide her door,
And saith to all her absent ones, "Come home,
From East, and South, and West, my children,
Come."

It matters not how glad the prospect seems;
Whether or not 'tis like the olden dreams;
But, what it is, that matters much; oh, then,
Let us make bright the dear old homes again.
Bring out the olden spinning wheel and loom,
Wind the tall clock, and give it ample room,
Bring out the thimble, and the quilting frames—
Bring out the fiddle and the olden games—

Let us unite
To fill the homes with all the old delight.
Let riddles, and the merry tales be told—
Be all the pages of past joy unrolled.
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Men who love their wives are often greatly deficient in that gallantry which goes so far in the appreciation of women; the disagreeable habits which they have formed in their early years cling to them, and it is not surprising that they are guilty of omissions and commissions unworthy of the high standards of gentlemanly conduct.

It is not only humiliating, but often a hopeless task for a wife to set about the effort of making little corrections daily. Some women, from a sense of duty, and from the impulse of their powerful love for their husbands, do attempt to bring out the best in the man to whom they have pledged themselves, and through tact, gentleness, persistency and wisdom, accomplish much. But no husband ought to make such a course of correction necessary as related to his daily habits, and the mother of a boy should neglect the duty of training him to become a gentleman in his own home.

Mother-love takes the initiative step, but wife-love waits for a first recognition, and expects, if she has a true sense of womanliness, that her husband will remain the wooer after marriage as before. To his mother he offers love and gratitude, because she showered upon him proofs of her affection, and is his by a natural tie; and if she is all that a mother should be to him, she will try to impress him with the necessity of honoring womanhood, and of appreciating its high standards. She will also endeavor to rouse in him an impulse of that old-time chivalry which makes the man the ready defender of the weaker sex, and helps him so far to realize the needs of woman's nature that he will give her the right sort of help and sympathy.

If mothers taught their boys the practice of politeness toward girls when they meet, and of a delicate attention to those little ways which true breeding demands, and tried to instill into their minds noble unselfish principles, many would be the wives who would have cause to bless those mothers who had carefully trained their sons to become good husbands.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

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HESE GREAT OFFERS.

that the Parisian is the first to give evidence of a desire to sacrifice himself to a foreigner, even though that foreigner be as young and beautiful as Miss Delno." The count laid his hand upon that portion of his anatomy which is popularly supposed to represent the place where the heart should be. He bowed very low indeed, possibly to make up somewhat for the bald cruelty of his proposition.

"I will put it more harshly still. Your title, it is obvious, is your only claim? You propose to offer it for a consideration?"

"Monsieur is pleased to strip my proposition of its bloom."

"Pah! It has no bloom. It is as starved of ultimate promise, as devoid of the beauty of hope and aspiration, as barren of the sacredness we Americans associate with the divine duties, the tender promise of true conjugal union, as you are devoid of any sense of honor to make it. You call yourself a nobleman. Know, then, there is not a savage in our far west who understands so little the law of exchange as do you. He chooses his squaw out of his tribe. He may give her nothing in exchange for her gewgaws and her maidenhood but a tomahawk and a pair of arms with brawn in them and a soul teeming with the strength of his savage forefathers, but he knows the law—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He takes his bride to his heart the way a lion takes his mate. He gives her his manhood or his protection—call it what you will. In any case he stands between her and lesser brutes who would snatch her from his arms. A fig for your vaunted civilization! Give me, were I a girl, a virgin man out of one of our western forests, with the stir of life's combat in his veins, without a sou, only his birthright, the keen desire in him to succor the weak. Give me a man among men, not a fop, who seeks to sell his debts, dispose of his title and yet still retain it, figure up his bride as a means of financial reinstatement, to be coerced and finally abused and thrown out when stripped of her helpfulness in the time of need"—

"But, monsieur"—

But Judge Delno, like a warhorse with the sound of the battlecry in his ears, continued. "Civilization!" he cried. "What has it taught you, you foreigners, with your vaunted age we lack, with your vaunted art we are struggling to acquire, with your vaunted vice which unhappily we in our younger generation are striving to attain? It has taught you to lay low your manhood and put in its place a thing called self, a self which digs a grave for and buries and raises a headstone to personal integrity. When birds nest, they nest with birds. When cattle mate, they mate with cattle. When a Frenchman demands his 'right' to claim a bride, he offers a stone for bread, a rotten carcass in exchange for incarnate purity."

A clear voice broke in abruptly. It was the voice of Desmoulins.

"Who asks us to sell our titles for your lucre? The American. Who comes out of the east and west with his ducats clanking loudly and his bragging voice declaring he will buy art, heart and emotions? The American. He never thinks how we regard him. He acts from the standpoint alone of how he regards us. How we laugh! Mais, how we laugh! We have lived; he has yet to grow. We have suffered. He is longing to throw himself into the fray and to be gored alive rather than to wait for time to ripen him. If we choose to gore him, who can blame us? It is what he has demanded, what he has cried for, like a sick child whimpering for the moon."

"To continue with the case in hand," interrupted Stornmouth. For the first time he admired Desmoulins. After all, in this Frenchman's misused soul there dwelt a spark of that fire which assails the lowest of human creatures at times, that fire which flames out into vital protest in silent hours and demands the truth as a feverish invalid calls for water to quench his thirst. For the first time Stornmouth judged the American abroad from the French standpoint. It was not a pleasant standpoint to this virile specimen of its best blood, its best methods, its noblest intentions; but, endeavor as he might, he could not deny the fact that Desmoulins' accusation held a semblance of truth as regarded a small number of his compatriots who had visited France, bought up its titles and estates and lost a considerable record for keen patriotism or national fidelity in the process. He knew that the exception was not the rule. He, in justice, could not blame Desmoulins for thinking otherwise.

"I refuse," the judge calmly announced, "to permit my daughter to enter into any such alliance—unless," turning toward Priscilla, "she loves you."

(concluded next week)

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Home Department.

'SWEPT AND GARNISHED.'

[In anticipation of Old Home Week.]

When they come home,
When from the east and west the children come,
To see the dear old hills and streams again,
And gaze into the eyes of Mother Maine,
And when upon familiar ways they look,
Or turn the leaves of some old boyhood book,
I wonder if to them it will not seem
That they have wakened from a pleasant dream.

I wonder if the hills will seem as high,
The mountains quite as close unto the sky,
I wonder if the flowers will be as sweet
As those they used to tread beneath their feet,
And if the sunset clouds will be as bright
As those that shone upon their youthful sight;
If the bankside brook will be as clear
As those of olden memory appear.

It matters not.
Perhaps, how it appears, for, unforgot,
Unstained, still brilliant, memory's waters glow
And she will ever keep them shining so.
It matters not, but ah it matters more,
That Mother Maine hath opened wide her door,
And saith to all her absent ones, "Come home,
From East, and South, and West, my children,
Come."

It matters not how glad the prospect seems;
Whether or not 'tis like the olden dreams;
But what it is, that matters much; oh, then,
Let us make bright the dear old homes again.
Bring out the olden spinning wheel and loom,
Wind the tall clock, and give it ample room,
Bring out the thimble, and the quilting frames—
Bring out the fiddle and the olden games—

Let us unite
To fill the homes with all the old delight.
Let riddles, and the merry tales be told—
Be all the pages of past joy unrolled.
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Mother-love takes the initiative step, but wife-love waits for a first recognition, and expects, if she has a true sense of womanliness, that her husband will remain the wooer after marriage if he would hold what he has won. To his mother he offers love and gratitude, because she showered upon him proofs of her affection, and is his by a natural tie; and if she is all that a mother should be to him, she will try to impress him with the necessity of honoring womanhood, and of appreciating its high standards. She will also endeavor to rouse in him the impulse of that old-time chivalry which makes the man the ready defender of the weaker sex, and helps him so far to realize the needs of woman's nature that he shall offer the right sort of help and sympathy to her.

If mothers taught their boys the practice of politeness toward girls when they meet, and of a delicate attention to those little ways which the best breeding demands, and tried to instill into their minds unselfish principles, many would be the wives, where there is here and there one at present, who would have cause to bless those mothers who had carefully trained their sons to become good husbands.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

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RATHER TOO LATE.

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha, folding her paisley shawl with great care.

"Now, there is poor Mis' Brown," she added, as she pinned her Sunday bonnet into the green veil. "How encouraged she'd have been, if she could have heard what the minister said today! I wouldn't wonder one mite if she'd have got well. "And Deacon Brown a-wiping his eyes and all of them taking on so! Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. Yer see. Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the Deacon meant it—'twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out, or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose. And they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping cough.

And the minister a-telling how the Deacon brought his young wife here when 'twa'nt nothing but a wilderness; and how patiently she bore hardship, and what a good wife she'd been! Now the minister wouldn't have known anything about that if the Deacon hadn't told him. Dear, dear! If he'd only told Mis' Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved the funeral.

And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things! Well, I guess it is true enough; Mis' Brown was always doing for some of them. When they were singing about 'sweet rest in heaven,' I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mis' Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here.

She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They were pretty, and no mistake. You see the Deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower-bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbage a-growin'; but Mis' Brown always kind of hankered after sweet-smelling things, like sweet peas, and such.

What did you say, Levi? Most time for supper? Well, land's sake, so it is! I must have got to meditating. I've been a-thinking, Levi, you needn't tell the minister anything about me. If the pancakes and the pumpkin pies are good you just say so as we go along. It ain't best to keep everything laid up for funerals."—*Zion's Herald.*

TOO BUSY TO BE KIND.

"I sometimes think we women, nowadays, are in danger of being too busy to be really useful," said an old lady thoughtfully. "We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor, and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, everyday neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see, we haven't a minute to spare. But everybody who needs a cup of cold water isn't calling the fact out to the world, and there are a great many little pauses by the way that are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of garden flowers over the back fence, and friendly chat about domestic matters, helped to brighten weary days, and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to inquire for the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It's a comfort to the mother's lonely heart to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive little kindnesses in our own home." May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind.—*The Young Woman.*

HOW TO TELL A LADY.

A company of women was discussing lately how to know a lady in a casual encounter. "You may tell her," said one, "by her boots, gloves and handkerchiefs." Another thought her skirt binding told the story, and a third declared that her language would betray her, "and it's words, not ideas, that concern this particular test," the speaker added. It is undoubtedly true that, while the nicety of the small essentials of a woman's toilet indicates a certain degree of refinement of taste, they are not the unmistakable mark of birth and breeding. Many would much more readily give the preference to the intonation of the voice and the use of words as a surer sign. A fine detail in clothes now is quite possible to almost any observing person; an unmistakably coarse, not to say vulgar, looking woman, is often irreproachable in the matter of boots, gloves, skirt bindings, etc. The charm of a well-modulated voice, using good English, undefiled by slang or provincialisms—this is often acquired without the right of culture.—*Selected.*

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR POISONING FROM IVY.

A treatment for poisoning from ivy is to wet a slice of bread with water, dust it with common washing soda and apply to the eruption, keeping the bread wet from the outside. Half an hour of this treatment is said to be a sure cure.—*Rural World.*

NEURALGIA.

In case of severe pain relief may be obtained from two tablespoonfuls of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of alcohol, with a small teaspoonful of red pepper; mix together, and sprinkle on a cloth. Apply to the spot, and it will relieve the pain and not blister.—*Rural World.*

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

KIDNEY TROUBLES OF WOMEN

Miss Frederick's Letters Show How She Relied on Mrs. Pinkham and Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired and have bearing down pains. Menses have not appeared for three months; sometimes am troubled with a white discharge. Also have kidney and bladder trouble.

I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you and see if you could do me any good."—MISS EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. Now I feel so well I cannot be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me."—MISS EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1899.

Backache Cured

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to thank you for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. It is the only medicine I have found that helped me. I doctored with one of the best physicians in the city of New York, but received no benefit. I had been ailing for about sixteen years, was so weak and nervous that I could hardly walk; had continued pain in my back and was troubled with leucorrhœa. Menses were irregular and painful. Words cannot express the benefit I have derived from the use of your medicine. I heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—MRS. MARY BARSHINGER, Windsor, Pa.

Young Folks.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Concealed within their grasp?
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they clasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

—*Selected.*

HOW HERBERT AND JOSEPH WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

BY FLORA M. SEARLES.

"Bert, I say it isn't fair for Jim to leave us to do this job alone!"

The speaker, a boy of twelve years, frowned slightly, and bent lower over his work.

"It's dirt mean," Bert replied.

These boys were evidently in no very good humor; this was the first time they had spoken during the last half hour. The day was hot and they believed that Jim's important errand to the village that afternoon had been merely an excuse to get off; besides, they didn't like to weed onions.

Before going to the Spanish-American war, their father, Henry Nason, had hired Jim, a young Penobscot Indian, to carry on his farm while he was absent. Then, as soon as the spring crops were in, he said good-bye to his family and joined the regiment in which he had enlisted.

Jim was somewhat of a shirk. He had, it is true, given some legitimate reason for absenting himself on this afternoon, but he managed to spend more time on the road than was at all necessary. The Nasons lived on a hill at the foot of which nestled the village.

As the Indian loitered along, he would occasionally stop to pick a handful of ripe strawberries which grew by the roadside; more than once he sat down to bask in the sunshine, and to laugh at the robins that disputed his right to the fruit.

By and by his eye was arrested by great flaring bills, posted in conspicuous places, announcing to the people of West Pond that there was to be a circus in that town on the 4th of July.

Now if there was anything Jim enjoyed it was a circus. He had been to many and he instantly thought that he should probably go to this one. Yes, of course he should go, he wouldn't miss it for anything. The 4th of July was only a week away. He smiled as he remembered this, and rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Me go sure," he observed, "me go sure."

Meantime the boys who had been weeding onions had found employment much more to their liking. Having discovered that Richard and Robin had jumped out of the pasture and wandered away, they immediately set out to hunt them up. Richard and Robin were two eight months' old calves that Mr. Nason had bought with the intention of raising a yoke of oxen. Large, fine looking calves they were and well mated. Afterwards, however, Mr. Nason changed his mind about raising oxen and gave the calves to Joseph and Herbert.

"They are yours, boys, to do with what you like provided you treat them well," he said.

The lads were delighted with their new possessions and began at once to train them. They spent weeks in their tireless endeavor to teach them to obey the rein like a horse.

Some of the good people of West Pond said they would succeed, for there was nothing under the light of the sun that those Nason young ones couldn't do, once they made up their mind to it; others said, "Nonsense! it can't be done; besides, they are no smarter than other young ones."

But when Joseph and Herbert drove briskly into the village one morning, seated in a little cart drawn by two calves, even the most skeptical admitted that it was well done. Since that day the "calf team," as it was called, had been a familiar sight.

As the boys hurried along on this afternoon in search of their pets, they were not unmindful of the beauties around them: the tinkle of the cow bell in the distance, the gentle murmur of the running brook, the rustle of twigs under foot, the buzzing of the flies, and the twittering of the birds—these sounds broke pleasantly upon the ear and invited them to linger.

When they reached home they found that Jim had returned during their absence. He was unusually silent and seemed wrapped in mystery, but after supper he called them outside.

"Me know something heap big," he drawled, "me tell you?"

"Yes, yes, go ahead," was the eager reply.

"Big circus here 4th of July—heap big circus—everything."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Joseph.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Herbert.

"They got every kind of animal in the world, hundred and hundred of horses," Jim continued, enjoying the look of wonder on the faces before him. "They are trained, can do any trick you tell 'em. There's a big woman, big's a giant, two-headed woman, and a woman that's no afraid of snakes, wind 'em all round her neck. Men will ride horseback standing up, and—and—everything."

"How much will it cost?" asked Joe.

"Fifty cents."

Joe's face fell. "Ten is all I have," he said.

"I've only seven," sighed his brother.

"Are you going, Jim?" they queried.

Jim nodded. "Me got fifty cent," he said.

"We can't go, and I never went to a circus in my life," cried Bert.

"You no feel much bad, me go then tell you all about it."

These last words which the Indian uttered with the intention of cheering his companions, failed to have the desired effect. For a long time the boys lay upon the ground where they had thrown themselves, and meditatively dug their toes into the earth.

"You might go village see big posters," Jim ventured at last.

At this suggestion both boys sat upright and reached simultaneously for their hats.

"Come on, let's do it," said one.

"All right, lets," responded the other.

They started off on the run, but, suddenly remembering that the chores were not done, stopped and looked back.

Jim, who was watching them, called loudly, "Go long, me do chores."

A few minutes later, Joseph and Herbert had joined the crowd that was examining the announcement of "the greatest show on earth." Long and eagerly they looked at the pictures of the wonderful things which were to be exhibited on the glorious Fourth.

Presently they were accosted by a party of boys about their own age.

"Halloo!" said one, "going to the circus?"

"Don't know yet," answered Joe, "didn't know anything about it till a little while ago. You going?"

"Yes, you bet. Biggest thing that has ever been to West Pond."

"Oh, 'tain't neither," put in a freckled faced lad with a battered hat. "Pap said he seen it once, and 'twas a regular cheat."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the first speaker, "Johnny is trying to run it down because he can't go."

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you are."

"No, *sir;* it's no such thing. I wouldn't go if I could."

"I bet you would if you had fifty cents."

"I wouldn't. If I had fifty cents, I'd buy fire crackers and have a circus of my own," replied Johnny.

"Any way," said Herbert, "it's not going to be as good as I expected."

"Good as you expected?" laughed a tall boy, who had just come up, "well, what have you been expecting? How long you been expecting it? And when did you decide not to expect it?"

A loud laugh greeted these words.

Blushing deeply, Herbert repeated what Jim had said.

Still talking, laughing, bantering, the boys moved on, and finally separated for their several homes.

"Bert," said Joe, as they climbed the homeward hill, "I'm going to ask mother if she can let us go to the circus. There she is now," he added, as the door opened and a woman stepped out into the twilight.

"Where have you been?" questioned Mrs. Nason, when the boys came running up.

Then what a time they had trying to tell her, talking both together, so she had hard work to make out what they were saying. At last, however, she knew there was to be a circus, that they wanted to go, and there was no mistaking the plaintive tone, "We have never been to a circus."

"I am sorry," she replied, "and I know you have never been, and that you would enjoy going, but really, I cannot spare the money now. I wish I could. You will be mother's brave lads, I know, and make the best of it." You can see the street parade and hear the music, and that, after all, is the best part." Putting out a hand, she patted each curly head. "Go now," she told them, "and fill the woodbox for night, then to bed."

Somewhat encouraged by the prospect of seeing the street parade, they hastened to obey.

"Joe!" it was two or three hours later and Bert spoke very softly.

"What?"

"Are you asleep?"

"Not quite. What do you want?"

"I was thinking we might sell Richard and Robin."

"No, sir," Joe returned, decidedly. *No, sir,* not for every old circus in the world. But I tell you what we might do," he continued, sitting up in bed, "we can do as Johnny suggested and have a circus of our own. Seventeen cents will buy a lot of fire crackers."

"That will be jolly!" cried his brother. "We can build a ring and drive Richard and Robin all around it."

"Yes," assented Joe, "and we can be rough riders and ride them barebacked."

"Oh! but they won't like that," objected Herbert, "they'll throw us off."

"That will be all the better, more exciting. Go to sleep now, we'll talk it all over to-morrow."

"I'm not sleepy."

"Well, I am."

"All right. Good night."

"Good night."

"Joe!" after a short silence.

"Well?"

"The flags and masks we had last Fourth of July will do to rig ourselves in this year."

"Yes, so they will. Good night."

"Joe!"

"What?" sleepily.

"May be Jim will help us."

"May be."

"And Joe—"

"Keep still, can't you?"

"Yes; but I was going to say—"

"No matter what you were going to say. I want to go to sleep."

"But—"

"Be still, I say."

Then all was quiet.

The 4th of July of 1898 was heralded by the usual amount of bell ringing, gun firing and cannon booming.

At daybreak it looked like rain; by seven o'clock, however, it began to light up, and by eight, much to the delight of both old and young, the sun was out and the clouds were scattered.

For a week Joseph and Herbert had given much time and thought in preparing for this day's celebration. They had made their ring by staking off a piece of level ground, then tying twine from stake to stake, leaving only a small space for a gateway. Flags fluttered from poles at the four corners and from a post which stood in the center, and which was draped in bunting. Evergreens artistically arranged about the stakes and twine completed the decorations.

The circus company had arrived at town the day before and erected their tents in a field at the foot of the "Nason Hill" and in full view from the house.

The boys went to the village to see the street parade, to hear the band play and to see the man walk the tight rope. When everything was over that could be seen from the outside and the people began to enter the tents, they, a little heavy hearted it must be confessed, retraced their steps homeward.

After eating the dainty luncheon which their mother had made ready for them, they stuffed their pockets with molasses candy and cornballs, tied on their masks and led out Richard and Robin. Around the neck of each calf they tied a string of bells, fastened on a flag or two and some green leaves. When all was ready they hitched the pair to a little cart and drove around the ring for perhaps half an hour.

"Now," said Joe, "it's time for the rough riding. When I blow this trumpet you light that bunch of fire crackers; when I blow it the second time, we'll jump as it were in our saddles. Already now—"

Toot! went the trumpet, toot, toot! Snap—pop—pop—snap—crack! went the fire crackers, dingle ding, ding, ding! went the bells.

Frightened and bewildered by the noise, irritated by the burden on their backs, the calves hesitated a moment, then uttering a loud bleat, broke into a mad run. Around and around the ring they went. Evergreens and stakes came tumbling to the ground; flags were at half mast in less time than it takes to tell it, and still the race continued.

"Whoa! Richard! Easy, old fellow, easy."

"Hi there! Robin, hi! Whoa, I tell you. Whoa, whoa!" shouted the boys as they threw their arms around the necks of the calves and hung on for dear life.

"Can you hold on, Bert?" called Joe.

"Yes, I guess so. Whoa, Richard, whoa!"

Making a sudden bolt, Robin broke from the ring, followed after a moment by Richard. With heads lowered and tails in air, they went plunging through a cucumber bed, a melon patch, and finally reaching the road, they ran down the hill toward the village.

Meantime the circus was well under way. The flaps of the tent were fastened back to let in the fresh air. The men that guarded the entrance had gone inside to seek shelter from the hot sun. The people, absorbed in the performance, did not hear the sound of bells and the shouting that was coming nearer and nearer, and it almost raised a panic when two calves with two masked boys upon their backs, came rushing in among them. The calves, more frightened than ever, at the sight of so many people, gave a jump which sent both boys over their heads. Then uttering a prolonged bleat, which seemed to say, "This is the place for boys who want a circus," they beat a hasty retreat.

Shout after shout went up as the little fellows, dazed and scared, picked themselves up and looked about them; and cheer after cheer resounded when they removed their masks.

"What are you doing here?" the manager asked, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"We were having a circus," Joe answered.

"A circus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Trying to run an opposition to us, were you?"

"Oh! no, sir! We couldn't come to yours, so we were having one of our own."

"I see." The man stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Hold on," he called, as the boys turned to go out, "You can stay the remainder of the afternoon, can't you?"

"Why, yes, we could," Joe began, "but—"

"All right," said the manager, "come down here and I will find you some seats. Bring in the trained elephants," called the manager, "the performance will now proceed."

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STATE OF MAINE.

Kennebec, ss, Superior Court, in vacation.
AUGUSTA, May 29, 1900.

Lucy R. Ryan, Lib't, vs. Willard Ryan.

Upon the annexed Writ and Libel, it is ordered by me, the undersigned, Justice of said Court, that notice thereof be given to the Libelee by publishing an attested copy of the same, or an abstract thereof, together with this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, in said county of Kennebec, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the term of said Court, to be holden at Augusta within and for said County of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of September next, that he may then and there appear in said Court and answer thereto if he see fit.

ATTEST: OLIVER G. HALL,
Justice Superior Court.

ABSTRACT OF LIBEL.

The Libelant alleges that she was married to the said libelee at Marshalltown, Digby County, N. S., on the 8th day of Sept. 1895; that she has resided here in good faith one year prior to the date hereof; that the libelant has ever been faithful to her marriage obligations, but that the said libelee has been unmindful of the same; that he has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment and extreme cruelty towards her, as follows, to wit: as set out in the libel.

Wherefore, she prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between herself and said libelee may be decreed.

And the libelant further alleges that she has used reasonable diligence to ascertain the present residence of said libelee, but is unable to do so, and does not know where it is.

MRS. LUCY R. RYAN, Libelant.

County of Androscoggin.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of May, 1900.

JOHN H. MAXWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

A true copy of the order of notice and abstract of libel.

ATTEST: W. S. CHOATE, Clerk.

KENNEBEC COUNTY . . . *In Probate Court at Augusta, in vacation, May 31, 1900.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MARIA F. PERKINS, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

32 G. T. STEVENS, *Judge.*
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY . . . *In Probate Court at Augusta, in vacation, June 5, 1900.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of JOSEPH J. BOWMAN, late of Hallowell, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of June, inst, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

G. T. STEVENS, *Judge.*
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register.* 32

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

ALBERT F. BEAN, late of Readfield,

in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

EMERY O. BEAN.
May 28, 1900. 32

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Arsenic Beauty Tablets and Pills. A perfectly safe and guaranteed treatment for all skin disorders. Restores the bloom of youth to faded faces. 10 days' treatment 50c; 30 days' $1.00, by mail. Send for circular. Address,
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Grange News.

Maine State Grange.

State Master,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
State Overseer,
F. S. ADAMS, Bowdoin.
State Secretary,
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn, Dirigo P. O.
Executive Committee,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
E. H. LIBBY, Auburn.
L. W. JOSE, Dexter.
BOYDEN BEARCE, East Eddington.
R. D. LEAVITT, Howe's Corner.
COLUMBUS HAYFORD, Maysville Ctr.

Grange Gatherings.

June 30—North Penobscot Pomona, Lee.
July 7—Aroostook Pomona, Blaine.
Aug. 16—York Pomona, Ea. Parsonsfield.
June 23—Penobscot Pomona, Garland.
June 26, Waldo Pomona, Monroe.
July 5—Piscataquis Pomona, Wellington.
Aug. 30—Lincoln Pomona, Alna.

The earnest women workers of Bear Mountain Grange, So. Waterford, have just issued from the *Maine Farmer* job office a large and complete cook book which should find a ready sale. It reflects great credit on the sisters of this grange.

Dirigo grange, Freedom, is doing good work and holding good meetings. There are a number of sick members at present. The charter had to be draped again for Brother Oscar Evans, who died very suddenly. His place will be hard to fill, as he was always ready to do for the grange.

Aroostook County Pomona grange met with Washburn grange, Saturday, June 9th. The 5th degree was conferred upon a class of 22. The afternoon session was public and consisted of a literary programme rendered by the members of Washburn grange and an address by Past State Master Edward Wiggin on "The Patron's Duty as a Citizen." The next meeting will be held with Mountain grange, Blaine, Saturday, July 7th.

York County Pomona met with York grange No. 340, June 14th. A large number were present. Worthy Master Carle called to order, opened in the 5th degree, and instructed 22 in the degree of Pomona. Recess at 12.30, and a fine dinner was prepared by the York ladies. Called to order at 1.30. The meeting was then in the care of the Worthy Lecturer, Jacob Smith, who gave them ten questions to talk on. Closed at 4 o'clock. Our next meeting will be with Orchard grange No. 309, East Parsonsfield, August 16th. The question will be given out later on.

Waldo County Pomona met June 5th with Dirigo grange, Freedom. The day was all we could ask for, and there was a good attendance, although it was a busy time with the farmers. A class of 16 were instructed in the 5th degree. Worthy Master Foster read an essay on "Roads" which was discussed. There was also a fine lecture by Sister Kate B. Ellis of Fairfield; we hope to have her with us often. The next meeting will be with Morning Light grange, Monroe, June 26th. Topics, "Shall we favor the Abolishment of the Governor's Council" and "Creation of the office of State Auditor?" to be opened by H. P. Damson.

Wescustogo grange, North Yarmouth, held an all day meeting June 7th. It was a reunion. All old members were invited to spend the day and enjoy dinner with us, such as the ladies of Wescustogo grange know how to serve. Had music and singing, recitations and quotations. We had the pleasure of seeing some of our oldest members present, one in his ninety-fourth year and quite a number over eighty. One said he wished he could stay until sunrise, it was good to look at the old familiar faces once more. The young folks had the evening for a social. This grange is in a good, prosperous condition, the attendance very good.

Somerset Pomona Grange will hold a special meeting with East Madison grange June 26th, 10 A. M. Address of welcome by E. A. Spear. Response by F. W. Page of Athens grange. Music. Question, "Labor unions, as conducted, are they a benefit to the laboring man?" Discussed by Willis Hobart and others. Recitation by Forest Bosworth; music; a paper by Miss Bertha Kincaid, "Do farmers' daughters as a rule encourage young men to adopt farming as a livelihood?" Song by Rev. T. B. Hatt. Question, "The farmer as a political economist." Discussed by T. D. Salley and the grange; recitation by Miss Mabel Clough; song by Mrs. Emma Dunton; remarks for good of the order. The fifth degree will be conferred in form.

Dexter grange held a very interesting meeting June 16th. In the forenoon worked the third and fourth degrees on 12 candidates with the degree team and it was done in a manner which called forth much praise from visiting members, especially the secret work given by Brother Additon. There were visitors from eleven granges. About 250 took dinner in the banquet room after which there was a short entertainment. A paper edited and read by Sisters Effie Libby and Cora Knowles was very fine. All were much disappointed that State Master Gardner or one of the State lecturers who were expected to be present failed to put in an appearance. Dexter grange is growing fast; they have been obliged to order ten new settees and five dozen chairs.

Saturday evening, June 9th, Sister Clara Brown, lecturer of Exeter Grange, gave to four members a list of questions, 21 in number, to be answered at the next meeting. The list was called "A Penny for Your Thoughts," and all the answers were to be found in a penny. At the meeting June 16th, Sister Alice Barker handed in the list containing the largest number of correct answers. The lecturer then awarded each contestant a prize, beginning with a cream pie; next, half a dozen bananas; next, plate of doughnuts, and fourth a plate of sandwiches. As there was also a dish of apples on the table, the puzzlers got "a good square meal" as a reward for their brainwork; and, seeing the hungry-looking patrons standing sadly by, they they did not wait to ask a penny for their thoughts, but divined them at once, and passed around their prizes most generously. They thus proved themselves to be true patrons as regards one of the injunctions of our order. It seems to be a very pleasant duty for most grangers to fulfill that injunction.

The union meeting of Chelsea, Windsor, Whitefield and Pittston was held with the latter grange June 9th, Past Master E. A. Lapham in the chair. The attendance was small, but those who were there report a very good time. The meeting opened at 2 P. M. Music and select readings were given, remarks for the good of the order and grange paper read by Sister Ellen Green of Chelsea. The question for discussion was then taken up, "What are the relative advantages of selling the products of the dairy, in the form of milk, cheese, cream or butter?" Opened by Bro. J. A. Kenney. He thought cheesemaking at the present prices was more profitable. It would sell well, but so many were filled it had hurt the market some. Preferred his butter without coloring and said it could not be made less than 20 cents. The cold storage in the cities had hurt the market some. By selling cream you could save a great deal of labor, but perhaps could not get so much out of it. Bro. E. A. Lapham thought except cheese paid the best in hot weather except selling milk; thought selling milk at 3½c per quart paid better than selling cream. No farmer could afford to make butter less than 20 cents per pound. Bro. J. B. Ripley was fully satisfied that by selling milk at home at 4 cents a quart more could be got out of it. Most farmers so situated could do best to make their own butter. In making butter we have the skim milk at home and there is more good in it than many give it credit for. Where failure came it was for want of coöperation. Sister Green thought that many patrons who were putting milk into the creamery found it did not pay so well as butter. Thought the creameries should be controlled by the farmers as an organization and that the farmers should hang together and have confidence in one another. The question was further discussed quite freely, and the general opinion seemed to be that selling milk paid best. The next meeting to be held with Whitefield grange, date to be fixed later on.

Oxford County Pomona met at Hebron, June 12th, 200 strong. Worthy Master Geo. Perham was in the chair, and W. K. Hamlin of Waterford, lecturer. Routine business occupied the forenoon, and a class of five was instructed in the 5th degree. In the afternoon the Worthy Master announced the following question for debate: "In what way can the grange be benefited by the purchase of supplies?" Bro. Horatio A. Cushman opened the discussion by saying that benefit could be derived if the farmers would only combine and stick to it. But the trouble is, that after they agree to a certain thing, some smooth agent will come along and talk them out of it. It was often so in regard to selling their sweet corn. Bro. A. P. Given of Buckfield, emphasized the same idea. The farmers must stand by one another if they expect to make any show in the world. Bro. Henry D. Irish said that the first idea of the grange was coöperation, and that was the rock upon which they split. It was the ruin of some granges. In some combinations the farmers may succeed, such as implements, flour, or phosphates. But there is a nobler work for the grange to do, the upbuilding of men and women. This is better than trying to save a cent on a pound of saleratus. Bros. Harlin Brown of Norway, Bean of West Minot, and others, joined in the discussion, which was interesting and spicy. Bro. W. G. Millett of West Minot, did not believe in combination. "I once tried it," said he, "and sent for a carload of flour. It was a good beginning, and I kept on ordering. In a short time the bills began to come in and some had to pay up. The farmers had got the stuff and said they would pay in a few days. It was the old story and I got caught. I then gave up that scheme and I want no more of it. Farmers will not combine and stay. This ended the discussion and musical and literary selections were then rendered by the members. The meeting of the next Pomona is undecided. Bro. Davis of Franklin, invited them to meet with his grange for a field day some time in August. It was voted to hold no Pomona in July. A committee was appointed to consider the matter of having a field day during Old Home Week. A division of the Oxford Pomona has been recently made. The county was so vast in extent that it was well nigh impossible for those who lived in one end to get to a Pomona being held in the other end. It was considered advisable, therefore, to hold two Pomonas, and in the future this will be done.

Resolutions of Respect.

Resolutions of respect on the death of H. H. Hall of Good Cheer grange, No. 323, P. of H., No. Bradford:

Death has again invaded our fraternal circle and we are called to mourn the loss of a worthy brother. Many of us recall with pleasure the pleasant hours passed in his society, and now through these memories runs a vein of sadness, for we know these hours can never be repeated and the places which once knew him will know him no more.

Whereas, by his death Good Cheer has lost an honored member.

Resolved: That while we bow in submission to the will of the Divine Master, we desire to extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved widow.

Resolved: That in remembrance of the brother, our charter be draped for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be placed upon our records, a copy sent to his widow, and a copy sent to the Bangor Commercial and Maine Farmer for publication.

Respectfully submitted,
HATTIE DAGGETT,
M. A. MARSHALL,
E. A. PEARSON,
Committee on Resolutions.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY OF OXFORD AND CUMBERLAND POMONA GRANGE.

The Oxford and Cumberland Pomona grange held its first annual field day at Ingalls' grove in Bridgton on Tuesday, June 12th. The day was an ideal one for such a meeting, and members of the grange gathered from a number of towns, making quite a large assemblage. The meeting was under the direction of Bro. E. W. Barker, Master. It was opened by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," by a quartette composed of Irving Barker, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Hague and Miss Gertrude Wentworth. Rev. H. A. Philbrook gave an address of welcome, referring to the place as "the beautiful grove by the lake." Sec. McKeen then gave a brief address on the "Mission of the Grange." He was followed by Worthy Master O. Gardner, who spoke at length on general grange matters, congratulating the members present on the work they were doing for the order and for themselves, and giving very encouraging statements in relation to the progress and the work of the grange in the state. Rev. Mr. Hague gave a brief address. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Philbrook, and Mr. Charles Marble then gave a reading. Worthy Master Barker closed the meeting with brief and appropriate remarks. It is hoped that these meetings, so auspiciously begun, will be continued.

KENNEBEC POMONA.

All the officers with the exception of Flora were present at the opening exercises of Kennebec Pomona grange at Sidney, June 13th. There was a large attendance, fourteen granges being represented. Cascade sent 50 and Sidney counted up 73. A cordial address of welcome was given by Bro. Hastings, and Worthy Master Drummond made a suitable response. Sidney grange choir furnished good music during the exercises. In the forenoon a paper by Mrs. M. L. Gray of Readfield, on "Objective Points for the Patron," was read and Brothers E. T. Clifford, W. S. Weeks, S. C. Watson and A. T. Clifford continued the discussion. The purposes of the grange and what it has accomplished and what it is still working for were duly considered. A declamation by Bro. G. K. Hastings closed the exercises for the forenoon and a recess for dinner was declared.

At 1.30 the worthy master promptly called to order. The intermission passed all too quickly as it takes time to discuss such dinners as Sidney patrons know so well how to furnish, and there are so many old acquaintances to greet after these months of separation. Sidney grange presented a farce on the club woman which was amusing. Song, "Go Break the News to Mother," by F. S. Collins of West Gardiner, was very fine. Topic, "Waste in Public Expenditures," (Government appropriations) was introduced by Bro. Hastings. Taking the motto of Jackson, "To the victors belong the spoils," the speaker named quite a number of appropriations made for so called public improvements which had not made a satisfactory showing. School expenditures was opened by Mrs. Ella Kennedy of Boston. The speaker claimed that while it may be possible that there may be some waste, she was sure that much good resulted from methods now employed. Bros. E. T. Clifford, Bowman, Tilley, A. T. Clifford and Lapham continued the discussion. Song by Miss Clark of Sidney, was very fine. Bro. Hasting gave one of his character declamations that was laughable. Bro. J. H. Fields, 82 years of age, declaimed, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," with all the vigor of a college graduate. A rising vote of thanks was extended Sidney grange for their cordial reception. Bro. F. S. Collins, in behalf of Cobbossee Contee grange, invited Kennebec Pomona to meet with them the fourth Wednesday in September. Voted to accept. Closed in form.

THE GRANGE IN NORTHEASTERN PENOBSCOT.

After ten years' time the call came from the State Master for us to visit the grange at Carroll, and during the past week we have been riding over those mountains through the forests and by the grand farms of that section. The impressions left by the first trip with Worthy State Master Prince were of loyal patrons, located on rich soil surrounded by great forests, and those have been verified. Thursday evening we had the pleasure of spending with Escutarsis Grange, East Lowell, Bro. Jewell, Master. Not large in numbers, the faithful ones have testified to their love of the order until this year those outside began to ask for admittance, and thirty have been added or are on the way. There are good grounds for predicting a much larger increase during the coming year, for the Master, one of the leading citizens, is enthusiastic and determined, while with him are loyal hearts and willing hands, and good work always returns with interest. Carroll Grange is located on the brow of the highest point of land in all that section, where the waters divide to find their way to the St. Croix and Penobscot. Saturday was a beautiful day and lakes, streams and forests filled the landscape, while all around were farms showing good cultivation and natural fertility. Those who borrow trouble about the passing of our forests should visit this hill top or ride over Rocky Dundee, and see the long stretches of timber and woodland in every direction. Baskahegan Grange is not only well officered with Bro. Gowell as Master, but its business affairs are well conducted. During the years radical changes have taken place. The hall has been improved, painted and made more restful and homelike, until it would be a credit to any organization in any locality. Practical coöperation has not been neglected and the business has been so wisely conducted that when the last year's settlement was made and account of stock taken, property to the amount of six thousand dollars stood to the credit of this grange. The members come all the way from one half mile to twenty-two miles to attend the sessions and the result is that good work is being done. Not in all Maine can be found better farms than may be seen from the hilltops of Springfield and Carroll, stretching away to Prentiss and towards Winn, Mattawamkeag and Kingman. The census just being closed may not tell of increase of population, but it will show a decided increase in crops and stock, especially beef and sheep, in all this section. At the home of Hon. Hiram Stevens we found a large number of Shorthorns growing, a fine bull, from C. P. Woodbury, Lincoln, the well-known breeder, standing at the head of the herd. Well-selected, pure-bred cattle, sheep, swine and poultry tell of progressive agriculture.

At the grange session we assisted in conferring the degrees upon two candidates living twenty miles away, and the large audience which gathered in the afternoon bore testimony to their appreciation of the order. This field for grange extension is a good one, and Enfield, Topsfield, Danforth and other places are losing for want of the positive influence of a live grange in each locality.

At Lincoln Centre we met with the newly reorganized grange, composed largely of young members, having an earnest, working master in the person of Bro. C. C. Allen, who is backed by as loyal coworkers as can be found. Starting with 24 members, a few weeks ago, two have been added and three applications are waiting action. The enterprise of this grange is to be commended, for a lot has already been purchased, the lumber ordered, and a new, two-story grange hall is to be erected this summer.

Can any one question the result of such interest and devotion?

Surely, northeastern Penobscot is alive and awake to the higher possibilities of grange work, and we turned our face homeward in the hope that the opportunity to again visit that promising portion of Maine would come before another ten years roll by.

A NOTABLE GRANGE SESSION.

Ladies' Day at Turner Grange was celebrated on June 16. This being the largest grange in the country it was not surprising that over 300 members and visitors were present. The ladies occupied all the chairs and had full charge. After a short literary program Bro. Solon Chase introduced the subject of Old Home Week, and proposed that the grange take charge of the celebration. A discussion followed, which with business occupied the forenoon.

After dinner the principal exercises of the day began. Music and reading opened the program, and then Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker of Auburn was introduced as the orater of the afternoon. This eloquent speaker was at his best, and held the closest attention of the audience, who enthusiastically greeted him by rising *en masse*. We can give but a brief abstract of his address, which sparkled with wit, wisdom and pathos. He said, in part:

"I have not been in Maine a long time, but long enough to be struck by two facts. These were the handsome horses and the homely men. As I go about the world I am constantly impressed with the fact that there are more good-looking horses than there are men. What is the reason? Simply this. There are men devoting all their time and energies breeding horses; but no time is devoted to the breeding of men and women. I want to talk about men and women and babies.

We are all interested in the laws of heredity and the influence of things around us. When a baby comes into the family we expect it must look like its father or mother; or perhaps like its uncle if that person happens to have a lot of money. The resemblance is not a strange thing. The Bourbon nose in France has run through the whole family for hundreds of years. Some have the Bourbon or the rye nose, also. In Germany there are families noted for their immense size and strength. These are the direct descendants of the bodyguard of Frederick the Great. He chose only the most powerfully-built men in his kingdom for this guard. These laws of heredity are natural. Mentally and morally, as well as physically, children resemble their parents. The children born of criminals grow up criminals. In the celebrated Jukes family one wayward and evil-minded girl had become the fountain head of seven hundred criminals.

The possibilities of one life are infinite. I talk of these things that we may get a broader hope for men. I talk of them to you that you may know not more of cabbages and cows but of human possibilities.

The education of a child must begin three or four generations before its birth. Look at our education of today. A young girl is ground through the educational mill; the next year she marries a man who has gone through the same process. Then they wonder why their children are not healthy and better.

We are too apt to say and think that it is natural for a young man to sow his wild oats. If those seeds of vice are once sown in the soul they can never be eradicated. Those wild oats have left their seed that spring up in the progeny. It is not safe for any young girl to mary a man who once used liquor. Nothing is so liable to be handed down as this drink habit. The moderate drinker produces the hard drinker down to the fourth generation. A man born with a tendency to drink is never reformed. Statistics prove this.

No two men are born alike. Each one is unique. There are no two minds or souls alike, and yet we give them the same books to study and wonder why they do not all grow up to the same standard. Education should build wisdom instead of knowledge. Our scholars have more facts crammed into their heads than they can make use of. I do not criticise the schools wholesale, but if children are to be anything they must be trained right. Because a man is born wrong he need not go wrong.

If this law of heredity is true in the physical then what must it be in the plastic realm of the moral? To correct this evil is not a hopeless but a hopeful work. Train your children to build homes. Make them realize that vice entails a heritage of woe. I had rather see a man take off his coat, roll up his sleeves and save one man than to talk about universal salvation for all. Let us do what we can to make men and women pure, noble and strong.

I believe in culture, but I believe more in that sternness of character out of which all true nobility must grow. It is necessary to have that in order to become grounded in what is godlike and true. Education should build men."

Remarks were made by several brothers, and the meeting closed with an hour of social intercourse among the members, the conclusion of an enjoyable and profitable day.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Market Reports.

REPORT OF WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.
LIVE STOCK YARDS, June 20, 1900.

Maine Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle	Sheep	Veals.
Maine.				
At Brighton.				
P. A. Berry,	1	11		15
E. A. Robinson,		14		
Libby Bros.,	11	35		100
R. E. Freeman,		5		2
W. Wheeler,		9		48
Thompson & Hanson,		17		70
M. D. Holt & Son,		23		42
Harris & Fellows,	1	25	7	125
H. M. Lowe,		8		80
F. W. Wormwell,		6		8
M. D. Stockman,	17	2		5
S. Tracy,	2	5		2
G. H. Cobb,		1		10
J. M. Philbrook,		20		102
W. A. Gleason,		9		25
A. W. Stanley,		5		9
New Hampshire.				
At Brighton.				
A. B. Locke,		10		5
At N. E. D. M. & Wool Co.				
A. F. Jones, Foss & Heath, E. Sargent,	75	20	25	240
At Watertown.				
Brock & Wood,	12	20		35
H. A. Wilcox,	14	3	14	16
T. J. Courser,		1	1	5
W. F. Wallace,	16	32	5	121

A $3000. STOCK BOOK FREE

It contains 183 large colored engravings of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry with an illustrated veterinary department. The engravings cost us $3000. We will mail you one copy free, postage prepaid, if you write us and answer these four questions: 1st—Did you ever use "International Stock Food" for Horses, Cattle, Sheep or Hogs? 2nd—Is it for sale in your town in 25-lb. pails? 3rd—How many head of stock do you own? 4th—Name this paper. "International Stock Food" is a safe vegetable stimulating tonic and blood purifier. It fattens stock in 30 days less time and saves grain. Aids digestion and assimilation. Thousands of farmers feed 500 to 2000 lbs. every year. It makes colts, calves, lambs and pigs grow very rapidly and only costs 3 Feeds for One Cent. Makes hogs weigh 300 lbs. at 6 months. It cures and prevents many diseases. Always sold on a guarantee to refund your money if it ever fails. Cheap and inferior imitations are on the market. Our dealers give this book free with "International Stock Food" in pails or barrels.

Largest Stock Food Factory in the World. Capital Paid in, $300,000.00. Address INTERNATIONAL FOOD CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., U. S. A. We occupy 15 floors, size 100x22 feet each, in addition to our large Printing Dept.

We own for our "International Stock Food Farm" three Stallions, Buttonwood 2:17, by Nutwood 2:18¾, International Stock Food, by Hartford 2:22¼ and Nahcola 2:22¼, by Lockhart 2:08½. They eat "International Stock Food" every day. It saves grain.

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 2,913; sheep, 5,726; hogs, 22,784; veals, 2,214; horses, 530.

Last week:

Cattle, 2,425; sheep, 4,367; hogs, 24,985; veals, 2,151; horses, 640.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 195; sheep, 7; hogs, 32; veals, 643; horses, 70.

LIVE STOCK EXPORTS TO OLD ENGLAND.

Boston shipments, 2,592 cattle, 750 sheep and 30 horses. Prices by late cable, 12¾@13¼c, dressed weight; tops, 13½c, a drop of near ½c lb.

CONDITION OF THE MARKET.

Cattle from the west ¼c higher than last week and continue of good quality and no let up in that respect, every western steer seems to be especially well fatted and owners are not ashamed to send them to any part of the world. On western prices at 5@5¾c, live weight; New England cattle from 5½c, down to 2¼c, as to quality.

Sheep and lambs in comparatively good supply, and largely from the West at $4@6.80 per cwt.

Movement in fat hogs at last week's decline. Whatever arrives finds instant sale at market price with good arrivals for the week. J. P. Squire & Co. killed 70 odd carloads within the week that would average 100 to a car. For western hogs, 5⅛@5⅜c is paid, laid down here. Local hogs, 6@6¼c, dressed weight.

Veal calves are not selling as well as last week by ½c lb. Butchers shut down on last week's rates, and the various butchers did not care to compete in price. Sales for tops, 5½c down to 5c for veals. Young calves of course go low to wipe them out of sight.

Market for milch cows only fair. They find their way to market of all descriptions as to quality and prices governed accordingly. For choice cows, $50@70 is paid. For extra grade cows, $40@48; common cows, $20@38.

The market for horses is largely for drivers and chunks, while the market for heavy truck is supplied. Express horses in fair demand at $100@150. Drivers sell mostly at $100@175. Pony sale of last week was well attended with sales at $50@175. Light business horses of 1,100@1,400 lbs. at $125, an average price.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

P. A. Berry sold 1 fancy milch cow at $50. W. A. Gleason sold 28 calves of 125 lbs. at 5¼c. S. Tracy, 1 fancy Guernsey springer, $50, 12 calves 110 lbs. 5½c, 2 oxen of 2,890 lbs. at 5½c, 2 hogs at 5c. Thompson & Hanson, 5 milch cows, $40@50, 65 calves av. 135 lbs., 5¼c. G. H. Cobb, 15 calves, 110 lbs., 5½c, 1 milch cow $40. A. W. Stanley, 1 fancy Jersey cow $50. F. W. Wormwell, 6 milch cows, $30@45, 8 calves 120 lbs at 5c. Libby Bros. sold milch cows from $25@50.

REMARKS.

Exporters of cattle are having quite a run of weeks with good prices obtained for cattle sent over. Earlier in the season it was doing a large business and virtually no paying returns, and it is encouraging to have the table turned in their favor, and from all accounts state cattle find a ready market at prices that even the exporters themselves are not ashamed of. The home trade is in fair shape, but few milch cows were left unsold last Wednesday and whatever dealers offered for sale obtained fair returns.

The hog market has effected a slight decline but fair warning was given to dealers.

Store Pigs—Moderate sales. Small pigs, $1.50@2.50, shoats, $3.50@5.50.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

The quality of the milch cows was not especially attractive, still there were cows well up in milk qualities and sold at good prices. Wordwell & McIntire sold 3 nice cows at $50 each, 1 Holstein cow $45, 1 cow $28, 3 at $35 each. Libby Bros., 2 cows at $50 each, 3 at $45, 3 at $40, 6 from $25@35. Harris & Fellows sold milch cows from $30@45. A. C. Foss sold 2 beef cows of 1,050 lbs. at 3½@4c. J. S. Henry sold of the 60 on sale at $30@55, 2 at $60 each. O. H. Forbush sold 3 cows for beef of 3,120 lbs. at $3.40. B. M. Ricker sold 2 choice cows at $45 a head. Thompson & Hanson sold 3 milch cows at $35@40. P. A. Berry sold 10 cows from $30@50.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

BOSTON, June 20, 1900.

Wheat excited and higher, oats firm, millfeed in demand.

Hay.

Hay is steady, in light demand at $18@18.50 a ton. Medium grades at $16@17.

Potatoes.

New Southern in liberal supply and selling at $1.50@2.75 per bbl. Old continue slow at the decline, with Eastern Hebrons selling at 35@50c, and Green Mountains at 40@45c.

Beans.

Demand slow, and prices are easier. Sales of marrow pea and medium at $2.25@2.30 per bushel; extra yellow eyes are quiet at $2.35@2.40, and red kidneys at $2.20@2.25 per bushel.

Butter.

The butter market starts off this week with a firm tone, and the irregularities of last week have entirely disappeared. Higher prices have been paid in the country, and all the supplies coming to hand this week will probably be held for an advance.

The make of butter in all the dairy sections is reported large, and it it evident that there will be no shortage, for this month, at least, but the quality is up to a very high grade, and speculators seem to have confidence enough in the situation to take care of all the surplus offered at any price below 20 cents.

Jobbers were meeting the wants of their customers yesterday on the basis of 21c for finest quality.

Cheese.

The country cheese markets are excited under the active buying for exporters, and prices have been advanced several points to 10c and over.

Eggs.

A little firmer feeling has been developed in the egg market, owing to the scarcity of strictly choice fresh lots, but there is a liberal supply of ordinary quality and it is difficult to get any advance. Fresh Eastern sold at 13@14c, and fancy lots at 15@17c. The bulk of the western arriving are showing hot weather defects, and make unsatisfactory trading for both sellers and buyers. The stock in cold storage is 140,900 cases against 128,500 cases same time last year.

PORTLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, June 20, 1900.

Flour is strong and higher. Corn stronger and higher prices. Oats steady.

Flour is firmer and higher; corn and oats have also moved upward; mill feed steady.

APPLES—Eating apples, $4@4 50 per bbl. Evaporated, 7@10c per lb.

BUTTER—Creamery, 21@22c; Vermont dairy, 19c.

BEANS—Maine pea, $2 40@2 50; California pea, $2 65@2 70; Yellow Eyes, $2 50@2 60.

CHEESE—Sage, 12½c; Vermont dairy, 10@11c; N. Y. factory, 10@11c.

FLOUR—Low grades, $3 00@3 25; Spring wheat, $3 50@3 60; patent Spring wheat, 4 50@4 75.

FISH—Cod, Shore, $4 00@4 50; herring, per bbl, $4@7.50; scaled per box, 11@16c.

GRAIN—Corn, car lot, 49½c; bag lots, 52c; meal, bag lots, 50c; oats, car lots, 32c; bag lots, 35c; shorts, sack, car lots, $18@19.00; shorts, bag lots, $19 00; middlings, $18@20; middlings, bag lots, $19@20 50; cottonseed meal, car lots, $26 50; bag lots, $27 00.

LARD—Bbl., pure, 8¼@9c; pails, pure, 8¾@9c; pure leaf, 9⅜@9⅝c.

POTATOES—45@50c per bush.

PROVISIONS—Beef, 8¼@9c; round hogs, 5½c; lamb, 10@10½c; mutton, 8½@9c; chickens, 15@16c; fowl, 12@14c; eggs, 16c.

AUGUSTA HAY, GRAIN AND WOOL MARKET.

[Corrected June 20, for the Maine Farmer by B. F. Parrott & Co.]

HAY—Plenty, choice sells freely. Sugar higher. Shorts, meal and corn steady. Wood plenty. Wool unsettled. Straw wanted. Flour higher.

STRAW—Pressed, $9; loose, $5@7.

SHORTS—$1 per hundred, $20. 00 ton lots. Mixed Feed, $1.

WOOL—22c per lb.; spring lamb skins, 40c; sheep skins, 75c@$1 25; calf skins, 11c per lb.

COTTON SEED MEAL—Bag lots, $1.40 $28, ton lots.

CHICAGO GLUTEN MEAL—Ton lots $24; bag lots, $1 60; Buffalo, ton lots $18, bag lots, $1 35.

FLOUR—Full winter patents, $4 50 Spring patents, $4 50; roller process, straight, $4 00@4.25; low grade, $2 50@3.40.

SUGAR—$5 70 per hundred.

HAY—Loose $13@16; pressed, $12@14.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 6c ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 5c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime, $1 10 per cask; cement, $1 45.

HARD WOOD—Dry, $5@5 50; green, $3 00@4 00.

GRAIN—Corn, 52@54c; meal, 96c; bag lots, 98c.

OATS—75c, bag lots.

AUGUSTA CITY PRODUCE MARKET.

[Corrected June 20, for the Maine Farmer by F. L. Webber.]

Cheese lower. New domestic cheese lower. Eggs unchanged. Potatoes in demand. Butter plenty. Fowl and chickens scarce. Pork out of the market. Veal steady. Lambs firm. Cabbages scarce. Vegetables higher.

BEANS—Western pea beans, $2 25. Yellow Eyes, $2@2 25.

BUTTER—Ball butter, 18c. Creamery, 20c.

CHEESE—Factory, 11c. Sage, 13c.

EGGS—Fresh, 13c per dozen.

LARD—In pails, best, 9¾c.

PROVISIONS—Wholesale — Clear salt pork, $13 50@14 75 per bbl.; beef per side, 7½@8½c; fowl, 12c; veal, 6@8c; ham, 11½c; lamb, 10½c; spring lambs, 14@15c; chickens, 13@15c; broilers, 25c.

POTATOES—30c per bush.

CABBAGES—4c per lb.

BEETS—$1.00 per doz. bunches.

TURNIPS—75c per bush.

STRAWBERRIES—10@12c.

Increasing sales attest the worth of the

WALTER A. WOOD

Tubular Steel Mowers.

Superior in construction and finish, ranking over all others in quality of materials and latest improvements, including Steel or Cast Drive Wheels, Roller and Ball Bearings, New and Simple Foot Lift of great capacity, Spring Lifter and Track Clearer; a marvel of simplicity, light draft and durability.

CATALOGUE FREE.

BROOKS HARDWARE CO., Augusta, Me.

SILOS AND CUTTERS

OHIO ENSILAGE.

We want every farmer interested in a SILO or ENSILAGE CUTTER to write us. We manufacture the best round stave silo, made with a continuous front. Our Silo and Cutter catalogue tells all about it. Sent free for the asking.

MOSELEY & STODDARD MFG. COMPANY,
RUTLAND, VERMONT.

Good Fruit

always finds a ready market, but to bring top prices it must be put up in neat, attractive and substantial packages. We have everything in the basket line. All sizes of

BERRY BASKETS,

Peach and Grape Crates.

Buy direct from the manufacturers, and save money. Write today for catalogue and new price list. Special price in carload lots.

A. H. MONTAGUE & SON,
120 Warren Street, New York City.

THE AMERICAN CHAIN GEAR HAY TEDDER

Breakage of Forks and Arms entirely overcome.

Air-cured hay must not be sun-burned. To increase the value of crop, hustle it; keep it moving; use the

AMERICAN TEDDER

that does not kick the hay about, leaving it in bunches, but it turns it, stirs it up and thoroughly admits the air to every particle. Runs smoothly—no jolting or shaking to pieces. Forks are on a cylinder that is driven by chains. Made in three widths:—7½ ft. has 12 forks; 9 ft. has 16 forks and 10 ft. has 18 forks. Write for 72-page Specialty Catalogue.—sent FREE.

AMES PLOW COMP'Y, BOSTON & NEW YORK.

FOR SALE.

Farm of late Martin Caldwell, situated in North Manchester. Contains about 60 acres; excellent grass land, good pasture; orchard in good condition; water in house and barn; garden contains variety of small fruits. Price reasonable. Enquire of EDWIN CALDWELL,
Manchester, Me.

FOR SALE.

One ten-horse upright boiler in first-class condition. Also one National butter worker, good as new; been used only a little.

The above will be sold cheap, as we have no use for them.

JAYNES CREAMERY COMPANY,
Waterville, Maine.

....IF YOU WANT THE....

BEST STRAWBERRY PLANTS

and other NURSERY STOCK grown in New England, send to

G. F. Wheeler, Concord, Mass.,

and get his Spring Catalogue.

FOR SALE

Service bull, two years old; solid, dark gray fawn. Dams, 14 lbs. 4 oz., 16 lbs. 8 oz., 14 lbs. 8 oz, 30 lbs. 5 oz., in seven days. All ancestors great butter stock. Fine individual in every respect. Have no further use for him. Bull calf, 8 mos., St. Lambert and Fancy's Harry 7th; solid; will make a fine bull. Prices to suit. SPRINGVALE FARM, P. O. North Gorham, Me. 3132

Meadow King ,,

Repairs in stock. Early orders promptly filled. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me

KENNEBEC COUNTY..*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1900.*

BETHIAH ANN BEAN, widow of ALBERT F. BEAN, late of Readfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

G. T. STEVENS, *Judge.*

Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, *Register.* 34

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE. The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of ELIZABETH C. PETTENGILL, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

MARCIA A. HARRIS.
LENDALL TITCOMB, Agent.

June 11, 1900. 34

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE. The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix, *de bonis non*, with will annexed, on the estate of CHARLES R. HODGKINS, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

CLARA C. LONGFELLOW.

June 11, 1900. 34

If You Visit Boston

Stop with Mrs. D. W. Allen, 13 Pinckney St. New house, pleasant rooms. 1 minute from State House. Rates reasonable.